TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE. WITH NOTES. BY SIR STEPHEN E. DE VERE, BART.

Third Edition
Enlarged

LONDON
WALTER SCOTT, 24 WARWICK LANE
NEW YORK: THOMAS WHITTAKER
TORONTO: W. J. GAGE & CO.
1888

TO MY ONLY SURVIVING BROTHER,

AUBREY DE VERE,

WHO, IN HIS WRITINGS, HAS EVER COMBINED

TRUE IRISH PATRIOTISM

WITH TRUE RELIGIOUS FAITH

AND LOYALTY TO THE EMPIRE,

AND WHO HAS NEVER SACRIFICED THE TRUTH

TO POPULAR APPLAUSE,

THESE TRANSLATIONS

ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY

STEPHEN E. DE VERE.

CONTENTS.

PREFACE.

THE first edition of *Translations from Horace*, 1885, contained only ten Odes. The second edition, quarto, 1886, comprised thirty. In the present edition fifty-seven translations will be found, the number of odes in Horace's four books (Epodes not included) being one hundred and four.

It may be asked why all the Odes are not translated. To answer this question it may be well to state the principle upon which the selection was made.

A translator of classical poetry ought to keep

before him two main objects. He should endeavour to give pleasure to those for whom he writes, bearing, of course, in mind that the true office of poetry is to instruct as well as to please. He will therefore select for translation such poems as tend to improve and purify the reader's mind, enlarge his understanding, give a healthful expansion to his imagination, and create that sense and love of the beautiful which, as it becomes more refined, promotes the study not alone of our native poets, but of those belonging to other lands and ages.

A very distinguished critic writes as follows: —"Coleridge, in his 'Wallenstein,' gave us one scene (the astrologer's tower), which is said to be far superior to Schiller's original, and Schiller had the sense and magnanimity to translate in his second edition lines which Coleridge had

imported into his translation of the first. The version of the Psalms in the Anglican prayer-book is, as regards style, almost an inspiration, and in its cadences often truly metrical. Milton's translation of them is intolerably prosaic. We owe to Leigh Hunt the *discovery* of one of Milton's greatest poems, his Latin poem on Plato's Idea of the Archetypal Man. While it remained in the Latin no one saw in it more than an academical exercise. Leigh Hunt's translation of it is incomparably superior to the original, placing it beside the 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso' by the aid of a marvellously Miltonic style. The translations of the Hebrew prophets, and of the Book of Job, have instilled into men's hearts not only religious knowledge, but poetic fervour." What reader has not been instructed and delighted by Homer as translated

by Chapman, of whom Lowell says, "Of all who have translated Homer Chapman has the topping merit of being inspired by him!" Who has not enjoyed Mrs. Worsley's version of the Odyssey? The sublime Commedia of Dante and the Odes of Pindar would have remained unknown to most English readers had they not been translated by Cary. Nor is the cultivation of poetical taste the only benefit we derive from appropriating to ourselves the labours of times long passed; we acquire valuable knowledge of history, science, antiquities, philosophy, and the social progress of mankind. Our translations from the Sanscrit, Celtic, Scandinavian, Persian, and other tongues have taught us lessons useful not only for advancing our knowledge, but for humbling our pride.

The second end which a translator should seek is to perpetuate, so far as in him lies, the honourable fame of his original, and make him live in men's hearts as well as in the schools. There are, indeed, persons even in the schools who know their poet-author internally as well as externally—know him and love him; but they are those upon whose hearts the poetic spirit has already been unconsciously breathed.

The reason, therefore, why I have only rendered a little more than half the Odes of Horace is because I felt it my duty to translate only those unquestionably worthy of the great Lyrist. Some have been chosen for their poetic merit; some as pourtraying the manners of the time; some for their vivid and truthful descriptions of scenery; many for the moral lessons inculcated by them; most, that the

character of Horace might be better known from his own lips. I have passed over in silence those that could contribute nothing to the instruction or delight of the reader, and nothing to the credit of the author. Not a few are omitted as being repetitions, and others because they are stained by the debased condition of social life in Rome.

No classical author is so difficult of translation as Horace. His extraordinary condensation, so little in harmony with the English language or the usual current of English thought; his habit of embodying in one sequence a single idea connected through all its phases by an almost inperceptible thread; the "curiosa felicitas" with which he draws a picture by a single epithet, such as "fabulosus Hydaspes," "placens uxor;" his abrupt

transitions; the frequent absence of a connecting link enabling the modern reader to track the pervading idea of the poet through the apparently disconnected passages of the poem; the obscurity arising from the use of images and allusions familiar to the Roman ear, but now only known to the scholar: these are a few of the obstacles with which the translator of Horace's Odes has to contend when presenting them to the English reader, and his difficulty is increased by the metrical structure of those poems, and his habitual, if not uniform, use of the Quatrain. The Latin laws of "quantity" rendered it absolutely necessary for him also to use inversions, which, to an English reader, involve obscurity and frequently admit different interpretations. An example of this may be found in the first Ode, "Palmaque

nobilis terrarum Dominos evehit ad Deos," in which "Dominos" may be either in apposition with "Deos," or may be directly governed by "evehit," and in which "nobilis" may be either a nominative agreeing with "palma," or an accusative in the old form agreeing with "dominos."

This metrical necessity for the largest use of inversions was a misfortue which an English translator does not share. Inversion, in its proper place, may conduce both to dignity and to grace: but it should be used as a rare exception: it can produce no good effect where it has no special meaning; and its occasional charm is lost unless brought out by the contrast of a habitual directness of diction. Many things which we call inversions may, it is true, in another language, follow an order of thought

as legitimate as our own : but inversions which obviously follow no law either of thought or of imagination, involve a great loss of strength in poetry ; for poetry requires not only to be understood with clearness, but also with that electrical instantaneousness, in the absence of which there can be no intensity.

If the obscurity of Horace is so easily condoned by his admirers, this can only be because it ceases at last for those who have read him so often that they almost know him by heart.

The rare exceptions to inversion found in his Odes gain so much by direct diction that they bear conclusive evidence against the rest. To remedy this evil, which probably was not felt by the Romans, is the essential duty of an English translator.

The quatrain formation had not the same

stiffening and chilling effect upon Horace, who wrote without rhyme, as it would exercise upon those who share the general opinion that rhyme is essential for lyric poems. Some translators of the literal school have adopted the unrhymed quatrain, but even such an accomplished scholar and poet as the late Lord Lytton did not find it possible to make such translations *poems*, notwithstanding the poetic genius that occasionally forces its way through the ice. I must here acknowledge with gratitude the aid I have derived from his valuable critical remarks.

The constant repetition of a short and regular stanza may have been forced upon Horace; but it is the second difficulty which need not be shared by an English translator. To employ it constantly is to dance in chains. I have used it only, with one exception, in the

rendering of Odes which are brief and simple, and which, while often exquisite in form, yet include but little variety. In the case of the more elevated and impassioned lyric, the irregular, or, as it is sometimes called, the Pindaric stanza, is a measure at once far more flexible and stranger than the regular. Lyrical poetry is more than any other characterised by sudden changes both of thought and of passion, nay, of transient mood and half-developed emotion. Such changes, in their finer movements, can only be indicated by irregular metres which adjust themselves spontaneously to every movement of a subtle yet sound imagination, while never subjecting themselves to any mere technical regularity. There is a music in poetic thought; and the harmonies of a metre obedient but to its own interior law can alone be

the echo of that music. I cannot doubt that Horace would have rejoiced in the freedom of the irregular stanza, had the Roman poetry admitted of its use, when composing his "Altera jam teritur," his "Cœlo tonantem," and his "Lollius."

The "irregular metre" is an incorrect expression. It is various not lawless, for all its several parts are harmonious. It is a metre which comprehends the harmonies of all the regular metres combined under a law larger than that with which any one of them is conversant. It is the most expressive of metres, and falls into confusion only in the hands of those who have nothing to express.

Horace had not, when addressing his countrymen, the difficulties I have referred to except the last. The Romans had caught from the

Greek literature, which they had made their own, much of the Greek character. They had the same keen apprehensiveness, and the same rapid incandescence of imagination, and were able to take in almost intuitively the full meaning of Horace's most delicate touches, and to see at a glance that chain of consecutive thought which connects into one great whole the several parts of his grand heroic odes. In each of them they saw a purpose, sometimes political, sometimes philosophic, sometimes perhaps personal. They were a sensual people, and did not object to the "Anacreontism" of some of his lighter pieces. Horace did not, as a lyric poet, scoff at the Pagan mythology. In many odes he exhorts the people to revere and obey their Gods; and strives to ennoble a false Faith by grafting on it high moral dogmas

derived from the Stoic curiously combined with the Epicurean doctrines. He never rose to the mystic philosophy of the Platonic school, but seems to have entertained some, at least, of the tenets of the Pythagoreans.

Horace, in his Lyrics, has two distinct styles. His shorter poems are light, graceful, and easily understood. They are in fact Songs rather than Odes, and remind us of the tenderness and simplicity of our own great Scottish lyrist, Burns.

His descriptions of Nature, in her sternest or most homely mood are true, vivid, and the more effective for being brief. He knew that portraits of what is familiar sink deeper into the heart than ideal sketches: every feature in his picture has a "local habitation and a name." Thus he stamps upon his landscape the note of

Truth, and wins men's hearts by appealing to their experience. Whoever refers to the original will see how true to Nature are the lines which I have thus endeavoured to render—

> Sleep hovers with extended wing
> Above the roof where labour dwells,
> Or where the river, murmuring,
> Ripples beneath the beechen shade;
> Or where in Tempe's dells
> No sound save Zephyr's breath throbs through the silvan glade.
>
> BOOK III., ODE I.

As examples of Horace's graphic power I may refer the reader to the originals of the following passages. For the sake of readers who are not classical scholars they are here presented in English:—

Then through the reddening fir-stems distant shone
Green fields and sparkling banks, and rivers deep.
Mine eyes were opened! motionless I gazed;
As some Bacchantè starting from her sleep
On thunder-riven mountain stares amazed
At sun-clad plains of Thrace beneath her spread,
And Rhodope with all its barbarous horde,
And Hebrus foaming o'er his rocky bed.

BOOK III., ODE 25.

or,

Around us all in Peace: the steer
Crops the lush pasture of the lea:
The mellowed harvest owns the fostering care
Of bounteous Ceres: o'er the tranquil sea
With fluttering sails, unharmed, rich fleets career.

BOOK IV., ODE 5.

or,

Now the shepherd leads
His panting flock to willow-bordered meads
By river banks, or to those dells
Remote, profound, where rough Silvanus dwells,

Where by mute margins voiceless waters creep
And the hushed Zephyrs sleep.

BOOK III., ODE 29.

or,

A hundred flocks thy pastures roam :
Large herds, deep uddered, low around thy home
At the red close of day :
The steed with joyous neigh
Welcomes thy footstep.

BOOK II., ODE 16.

or,

Where the huge Pine, and Poplar silver-lined
With branches interlaced have made
A hospitable shade,
And where by curving bank and hollow bay
The tremulous waters work their silent way.

BOOK II., ODE 3.

or,

Yonder Sibyl's temple-home
Re-echoing Anio's headlong fall,

> And Tibur's groves and orchards dewed by rills
> That dance their glad way down from Tibur's wooded hills.
>
> BOOK I., ODE 7.

The study of such descriptive passages will reveal the principle upon which Horace worked. He reviewed Nature with an accurate and loving eye, and he described what was more characteristic with brevity, truthfulness, and simplicity. Every epithet is individually appropriate, and is pregnant with half-developed suggestion. There is none of that daubed word-painting which borrows nothing from the imagination, and leaves nothing to it.

Horace's Heroic Odes include many passages of descriptive beauty and personal pathos, but are, on the whole, of a widely different class. They are written with the intention of

influencing opinion, and effecting some large social or political purpose, or of developing some great principle of moral philosophy.

A purpose, often obscure, runs through each. The first duty of the translator, that which he owes to the original author, is to assure himself of the scope of that veiled purpose, and the difficulty of this task may be inferred from the number of learned critics who have been satisfied with commenting upon the ode piece-meal without any attempt to elucidate its general scope.

His second duty, that which he owes to his readers, is to frame his translation so as to present to English minds what Horace intended to present to the Romans. In the latter lies the main difficulty. If by inserting words, or even lines, not expressed but *understood*, in the original, he attempts to make clear the object

and full meaning of the whole;—if he seeks to elucidate what is obscure, and to complete and transfuse the thoughts and images which, though only half developed, were intelligible to the Roman, he is taxed with presumption;—he is called a paraphraser, not a translator. If, on the other hand, he renders each passage with bald verbal accuracy, quatrain by quatrain, adding nothing, and omitting nothing, he is charged with leaving the poetry and philosophy of his original in the obscurity in which critics and pedants luxuriate. What is more humiliating than any such criticism, he feels that he has been unjust and untrue to his author.

To be true to the spirit he must claim liberty as regards the letter. The true canon of poetical translation—that which such men as Chapman, Dryden, and Shelley understood and

obeyed—is to lay before the reader the thoughts that breathe in the original poet, observing his limits so far as may be consistent with the supreme necessity of fully and clearly representing his spirit:—to add nothing that is not entirely in harmony with these, and to clothe them in such language as the author would have employed if writing in the tongue of those who have to read the translation. This has been well expressed by the great French critic Boileau, who says (cited by Lord Bolingbroke, iii, 252, *Essay on History*) that "to translate servilely into modern language an ancient author, phrase by phrase, and word by word, is preposterous: nothing can be more unlike the original than such a copy. It is not to show, it is to disguise the author: and he who has known him in this dress would not

know him in his own. A good writer, instead of taking this inglorious and unprofitable task upon him, will 'jouster centre l'original;' rather emulate than imitate; he will transfuse the sense and spirit of the original into his own work, and will endeavour *to write as the* ancient author would have written had he writ in the same language."

Chapman, far the noblest of our early translators, expressed the same opinion :—"It is the part of every knowing and judicious interpreter not to follow the number and order of words, but the material things themselves, and sentences to weigh diligently; and to clothe and adorn them with words, and such a style and form of oration as are most apt for the language into which they are converted."

Dr. Johnson, though doubtful of the possibility of adequately translating the poetry of one language into that of another, saw clearly the principle upon which the task should be attempted. When asked by Boswell his opinion of Potter's translation of Æschylus, he replied, "We must first try its effect as an English poem; that is the way to judge of the merit of a translation."

Hallam, in his review of "Elton's Translations of the Classic Poets" (*Quarterly Review*, April 1815), writes thus:—"One cause, and probably the main cause, of Mr. Elton's inferiority in blank verse is a theoretical bias in favour of literal, or, as we should call it, servile translation, with which it is not easy to comply under the restrictions of rhyme. 'The fit standard of a translator is fidelity,' we are told

in his preface, where the long-disputed question as to the propriety of close or loose translation is discussed with arguments which it is not necessary to controvert. The truth seems to be that strict translation best satisfies the critic; loose translation best pleases the multitude. He who would escape censure must avoid deviations which a reviewer will detect; he who would obtain popularity must shun dulness over which a reader will yawn; and this is founded on a plain matter of fact, of which every one is aware, though every one cannot express it so elegantly as Denham, 'it is not his business alone to translate *language into language*, but *poesie into poesie;* and poesie is of subtle a spirit, that in pouring out of one language into another it will all evaporate; and if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will

remain nothing but a *caput mortuum;* there being certain graces and happinesses peculiar to every language which give life and energy to the words.'"

If it be true, and it undoubtedly is so, that the office of poetry is to please, elevate, and *instruct*, the translation-critic, who must be presupposed to be a scholar, and to be able to read and understand the classic song as well as if it were in his own language, stands in no need of aid from a mere "word-catcher who lives on syllables," and the translation free, but guarded and limited, as has been suggested, should be addressed by its author to his fellow-countrymen for their delight and instruction, and for the honour of the great original Poet.

Mr. Hallam proceeds:—"But in blaming literal translation, executed without regard to this

law, we do not, of course, mean to recommend the opposite error. There is a style of low and slovenly paraphrase which commonly indicates a mind *too dull to seize the spirit*, or too indolent to grapple with the difficulties of its author. In all translations, *to represent the original character is the first duty.* But he who *must lose much of the precision and gracefulness of language, and even the collocation of words*, is no more to be blamed for replacing them by new graces of his own language than a musical performer for enriching *the text* of his composer by *touches* suggested by his own skill and enthusiasm." This last observation requires qualification. The *touches* to be engrafted on the *text* must be introduced to explain, or sometimes, but rarely, to intensify it. They must be in harmony with the original, and not mere capriccios to show

the skill of the performer. The comparison, moreover, between a poetical translation and a musical performance is not sound.

Mr. Hallam's condemnation of the "slovenly paraphrase which indicates a mind too dull to seize the spirit, or too indolent to grapple with the difficulties of its author," is perfectly just.

Mickle, in his translation of the "Lusiad," is a notable example of a true principle brought into disrepute by being carried to a faulty and unjustifiable excess. "It was not (he tells us) to gratify the dull few whose greatest pleasure in reading a translation is to see what the author exactly says: it was to give a poem that might live in the English language which was the ambition of the translator." Mickle carries his blame of others, as he carries his principle of translation, too far. It argues no dulness in

the critic to demand literal fidelity from the translator: it only argues that he is more imbued with the spirit of verbal criticism than of poetry. Mickle was right in aspiring to produce a poem that should live in the English language; but the poem should have been substantially that of Camoens, and not of Mickle. He should have remembered Horace's own dictum.

> Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
> Interpres; nec desilies imitator in arctum
> Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.
>
> *Ars. Poetica*, 133.

The germ of the true principle of translation is contained in a fine remark of Madame de Stäel: "Le sens d'une phrase dans une langue étrangère est à la fois un problème grammatical et intellectuel."

One of the most acute and refined of modern critics, Sarah Coleridge, writes thus: "The only sort of translation of Homer which would be thoroughly gratifying should be on Pope's plan, but better executed. There should be his brilliance and rapidity,—or rather that of Dryden in the Fables,—with that *thorough understanding of the spirit and proprieties of the whole poem* which would enable the translator (he being a person of some poetical genius) *to give substitutes for the exact physical meaning of certain passages, yet to preserve the spirit, and to maintain the rich flow of verse, and keep the genius of the language unviolated, at the same time that he transports us to ancient times and distant places.*"—*Sarah Coleridge's Letters*, i. 101.

I will cite only three more authorities, but

they are the literary giants of the century—Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Cardinal Newman. Wordsworth undertook a translation of Virgil's Æneid. A letter of his states the principles on which he proposed to work. He says, "My own notion of translation is that it cannot be too literal, provided that three faults be avoided—baldness, in which I include all that takes from dignity; strangeness, or uncouthness including hastiness; and, lastly, attempts to convey meanings which, as they cannot be given but by languid circumlocution, cannot in fact be said to be given at all." Again, he writes to the editor of the *Philological Museum*, "Having been displeased, in modern translations, with the addition of *incongruous* matter, I began to translate with a resolve to keep clear of that fault by *adding nothing;* but I

became convinced that a spirited translation can scarcely be accomplished in the English language without admitting the *principle of compensation.*"—*Memoirs of Wordsworth*, vol. ii. 69.

Coleridge, writing to Wordsworth on the same subject, says, "My conviction is that you undertake an impossibility, and that there is no medium between a prose version and one on the avowed *principle of compensation* in the widest sense—*i.e.*, manner, genius, *total effect.*" —*Memoirs of Wordsworth*, vol. ii. 79.

Thus wrote the translator of Wallenstein.

Cardinal Newman writes as follows in that clear and nervous English, and with that lucid reasoning of which he is the consummate master:—"It should be considered that translation in itself is after all but a problem, how,

two languages given, the nearest approximation may be made in the second to the expression of ideas already conveyed through the medium of the first. The problem almost starts with the assumption that something must be sacrificed; and the chief question is, what is the least sacrifice? In a balance of difficulties one translator will aim at being critically correct, and will become obscure, cumbrous, and foreign. Another will aim at being English, and will appear deficient in scholarship. While grammatical particulars are followed out, the spirit evaporates, and while an easy flow of language is secured, new ideas are intruded, or the point of the original is lost, or the drift of the context impaired.

"Under these circumstances perhaps it is fair to lay down that while every care must be

taken against the introduction of new or the omission of existing ideas in translating the original text, yet, in a book intended for general reading, faithfulness may be considered simply to consist in expressing in English the *sense* of the original: the actual words of the latter being viewed mainly as *directions* into its sense, and scholarship being necessary in order to gain the full insight into that sense which they afford; and next, that where something must be sacrificed, precision or intelligibility, it is better, in a popular work, to be understood by those who are not critics than to be applauded by those who are."

Many men, even the élite of school or college, read their classics only through the spectacles of the philological critic. They perhaps admire the terse vigour, the concentrated

beauty of the book, all the more because it is in a dead language, but it is with a blurred and not a perfect appreciation: they do not take in all that is included though not expressed; they are too apt to resent as surplusage a translator's attempt to make their vague apprehension more distinct: they are not, as Mr. Lowell so well says, *inspired* by their author: they do not perceive that the terseness and concentration which they praise imply that something more is involved than is expressed in the words actually before them, and they have no clear conception of that something. Poets such as Horace or Pindar can only be adequately translated by placing before the reader not only the fully expressed, but the veiled thoughts of the Roman or Greek; the words are "winged words:" the translator

must strive to track them as they soar, and dissipate the clouds that surround them: he is bound "negata tentare iter via:" he must bear in mind that the language in which he writes is not capable of the same compactness as that of Horace or Pindar, and that modern habits, sympathies, and associations of thought, differ widely from those of the Romans or Greeks; what was clear as the day to them is to moderns vague and unintelligible, or at best but half understood. The duty of the translator is to endeavour to present the classic author to the English readers such as he was to those for whom he wrote. Nor is this an easy task: he must eschew the temptation of exaggerating the vigour of his original: he must be careful not to impair the due proportions of the several parts of the poem, nor

must he shrink from rendering those proportions more marked when necessary; he must beware of falling into feebleness by becoming diffuse; and when expansion is required in order to give that lucidity which is inseparable from true poetic beauty, he must limit it to what is needed. In other cases he may have to abbreviate. Horace's illustrations, historical or mythological, are sometimes as redundant as the thoughts are condensed.

When the author's meaning is fully and unambiguously expressed, as is the case in many of Horace's lesser Odes, a translation faithful at once to the letter and to the spirit becomes possible, and is the best.

I may be permitted to cite, in illustration of these remarks, the text and translation of the well known Bacchanalian song by Walter de

Mapes, the learned Archdeacon of Oxford, temp. Hen. II. I found it possible to render it with almost complete verbal fidelity, stanza for stanza, with a single rhyme running through each quatrain, as in the original, because the old Monkish Latin was simple and not inverted, and because every line placed the author's full idea distinctly before the reader, unhampered by the intricate laws of Horatian metre, and without those changeful moods which are the peculiar charm of Horace. His nobler Odes, if thus translated, would not be Horace.

ANACREONTIC.

WALTER DE MAPES.

In an honest tavern let me die,
Before my lips a brimmer lie,
And angel choirs come down and cry,
"Peace to thy soul, my jolly boy."

Wine feeds with fire the lamp of soul;
The heart soars upwards from the bowl:
Strong tavern draughts my brain console,
Not the sly butler's watered dole.

Some gift to each kind Nature gave,
Not mine to write when food I crave;
Sober I'm but a beaten slave;
I hate all fasting as the grave.

My poems smack of my potation,
Strong verse with sound intoxication:
Starving I love my inspiration,
But in my cups I bang the nation.

My vein prophetic gives no sound
Save when my belly's full and round.
When Bacchus in my brain sits crowned
In rushes Phœbus with a bound
And flings his oracles around.

Mihi est prositum in taberna mori;
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,

At dicant cum venerint angelorum chori
Deus sit propitius huic potatori.

Poculis accenditur animæ lucerna;
Cor imbutum nectare volat ad superna;
Mihi sapit dulcius vinum in taberna
Quam aqua miscuit præsulis pincerna.

Suum cuique proprium dat Natura munus;
Ego nunquam potui scribere jejunus;
Me jejunum vincere possit puer unus;
Sitim et jejunium odi tanquam funus.

Tales versus facio quale vinum bibo;
Non possum scribere nisi sumpto cibo;
Nihil valet penitus quod jejunus scribo;
Nasonem post calices facile prœibo.

Mihi nunquam spiritus Prophetiæ datur,
Nisi cum fuerit venter bene satur.
Cum in arce cerebri Bacchur dominatur
In me Phœbus irruit et divina fatur.

If it be true that a nation's character is largely influenced by its literature, it is equally certain that literature adapts itself to a nation's character. Horace, the son of a freed man, one step advanced from slavery, yet associating with the highest in Rome, knew well the character of all classes, and played upon their sympathies as a skilful musician upon his strings. The Romans had quick sympathies and a lively intelligence. With them a suggestion touched with the feather rather than the quill,—a felicitous epithet,—a momentary sparkle of wit,—an almost imperceptible irony,—a passing shadow of reproach, awoke a long train of associations. Their mythology, though probably not very deep in their hearts, was at their fingers' ends; so was their History, whether genuine or legendary. Horace's

mythological and historical allusions, however light, were rapidly understood, and evoked instant enthusiasm.

He appealed to the superstition which was to those whom he addressed a religion, and to the glories of their ancestors, to enforce the virtues of patience, fortitude, and patriotism. He challenged their pride, knowing how vividly it is illumined by a ray from the past. The lessons which he there taught flashed upon his audience with the force of an inspiration. For modern readers they need elucidation. Nothing can be strong which is not distinct and intelligible. In literature as in ethics, what is most direct, most definite, most certain, and complete, must be most effective.

Horace not only denounced vices but laughed at follies. This gives his satires an immense

advantage over that of Juvenal, for men are more sensitive to ridicule than to the fiercest censure. Thus, in "Odi Profanum" (iii., 1) he pictures the dismay of the fishes when their haunts are invaded by the palace built on the mighty mole; and in that light and graceful little ode, "Jam pauca aratro" (2, 15), he ridicules the Patricians—their fish-ponds, wider than the Lucrine Lake; their violet beds; their worship of the nose; their bowers of bay, which the sun cannot penetrate; their spacious porticoes, facing to the cool North; and then, suddenly changing his tone, exhorts them to spend their wealth in building with costliest marble public buildings for the people and temples for the gods.

In spite of his fearless censure and unsparing ridicule, Rome loved and respected her Poet.

We know from his own hand that he was not popular at the commencement of his career. He adhered to Brutus, believing him to be the friend of constitutional liberty, and fought under him at Philippi. Returning to Rome, he found the small property he had inherited from his father confiscated. The populace, ever ready to join the winning side, denounced him as a rebel, and laughed at him as a conquered and beggared man. He worked on in silence. Mæcenas, himself an author, discovered his great literary merit, and introduced him to Augustus. Brutus was dead. There was no longer any hope for the resuscitation of the ancient Roman Republic. The choice was between Cæsar and anarchy, and Horace attached himself to Cæsar. The war with Brutus was one of principle: all those that followed it

were but the selfish struggles of Faction. Time passed on. Mæcenas welcomed in Horace an accomplished poet and an affectionate friend. Cæsar found in him not only a genial companion, but a sage, faithful, and distinguished counsellor. His brother-poets, Virgil, Varius, Pollio, Iulus Antonius, acknowledged his literary greatness. The Patricians ceased to envy him for enjoying the confidence of Augustus, because they saw that he made no selfish or factious use of his power. The Plebeians, who at first distrusted him, ceased to suspect him because they saw that, though a favourite at court, his heart was always with the poor. They, no doubt, read over and over again that noble ode, "Non ebur neque aureum" (II, 18), in which he denounced with enthusiasm almost amounting to ferocity the usurpations of the

rich over the lawful patrimony of the poor, and they blessed him as they recited—

> Quid, quod usque proximos
> Revellis agris terminos at ultra
> Limites clientium
> Salis avarus? Pellitur paternos
> In sinu ferens Deos
> Et uxor, et vir, sordidosque natos.

In the concluding ode of the second book, Horace describes himself as "Invidia major," and in his beautiful Ode to Melpomene (4, 3), which may be called his farewell, he boasts, with noble exultation, of his having at last won the heart of the nation :—

> Jam dente minus mordeor invido.
> Totum muneris hoc tui est
> Quod monstror digito pratereuntium
> Romanæ fidicen lyra.
>
> BOOK IV. ODE 3.

An uneventful life contributes little to the study of History; but it is always interesting to estimate the character of a distinguished author from his own writings. If we see that he has vindicated for himself a literary fame that has stood unimpaired against the wear and tear of two thousand years, we approach the critical examination of his works in a reverential spirit, and with a feeling of certainty, *a priori*, that his fame is deserved. If we find that when he lived he was the idol of his contemporaries, and that during the long ages which have elapsed since his death he has retained, and still retains, not only the admiration, but, in a very remarkable degree, the affection of his readers, we naturally conclude that he must have possessed qualities which justified that feeling. We seek to find out what were those

qualities, and we find the best answer in his own literary works.

No one can read the Odes of Horace without perceiving that his love for his country was genuine and profound. He proved his patriotism by the fearlessness with which he condemned her faults. He gloried in her warlike prowess, but never failed to remind her that each victory was but a step to the establishment of peace and of moral and political reform.

In almost every one of his greater odes he denounced Factions which, whether Aristocratic or Democratic, convulsed and demoralised the State. A true principle was never more nobly expressed than in his Ode to Calliope (3. 4)—

"Vis consili expers mole ruit sua."

It was, doubtless, such passages which drew

from Sir Richard Fanshaw (1652) his tribute to Horace as "The Prince of Lyricks, and of all the Latin poets the fullest fraught with excellent morality."

It is curious to observe with what uninterrupted continuity Horace puts forward the same great principles during the long period, more than thirty years, over which his odes extend. That fierce invective against fratricidal faction, "Quo, quo, scelesti" (Epode 7), bears date B.C. 41. That impassioned dirge, the 16th Epode, beginning

> "Altera jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas
> Suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit,"

was written B.C. 40. The Ode to Pollio (2, 1), which speaks of "Motum civicum . . . *gravesque Principum amicitias*, et arma nondum expiatis uncta eruoribus," is dated about B.C.

29. The Ode to Augustus (Divis orte bonis, 4, 5), which draws such a glowing picture of Peace, was written B.C. 14; and the last of his political odes, "Phœbus volentem" (4, 15), in which the Poet tells us that when he would have sung of Cæsar's warlike triumphs, Phœbus chid him and commanded him to tell of him

> Whose mighty hand
> Has stayed the license of the land,
> Has curbed the rage of civil strife,
> Made pure the home, recalled to life
> That moral law beneath whose sway
> Rome's strength and power and majesty
> Rule the wide world from th' Orient gates of day,
> To where the sunset sleeps upon the Western Sea—

was composed B.C. 10.

Such was what may be called Horace's political character—unboastful but independent,

sagacious, patriotic, and consistent; but his odes exhibit other qualities too, perhaps more endearing.

Even after the lapse of nearly twenty centuries we cannot but look with admiration at the manly independence of character with which he, poor, low-born, without social connection, gave disinterested, and, perhaps, sometimes distasteful advice to Cæsar, and refused to accept an important office from him, "satis beatus unicis Sabinis;" lived on terms of affectionate equality with the great minister Mæcenas; boldly denounced the Patrician oppressors of the poor, and condemned equally the luxury and avarice of the rich, and the turbulence, factiousness, and ferocity of the Plebeians. The poor saw in him not a partisan, but a friend; and he was one, because

he was a true friend of liberty. He lived contented in his little farm. Mæcenas loved to visit him and share his frugal fare. He was in his little mountain home easy and genial. Though not wealthy, he was not oppressed with poverty. He tells us that "Importuna tamen pauperies abest." He railed at riches only when procured by avarice and wasted in luxury. Wealth had no charm for him "nisi temperato splendeuat usu." We may believe that his country life was like that which he so beautifully describes in "Beatus ille qui procul negotiis" (Epode 2); his door open to his poor neighbours, as well as to his rich patrons; enjoying the sports of the field; instructing the "rustica Phidyle" in her humble duties, and sharing with all around him his kindly and genial wit, "ingeni benignam venam." He

could admire but not imitate "atrocem animum Catonis." His was a sunny nature. He was proud of his native Voltur, the surrounding mountains, and the far resounding Aufidus; but it was amid the softer acclivities if Tibur, or the smiling and sheltered "angulus" near Tarentum, that he desired to close his days.

His joyous spirit may be seen even through his most vehement passion. The light grace and ease of his odes, the most serious as well as the most trifling, is owing to the circumstance, that while he writes he is ever looking *outwards*, and never looking in upon himself. He is never querulous or captious. He keeps his imagination well in hand, and free from exaggeration: it is only in a few instances, such as his two Dithyrambic Odes, Archytas, and the two Epodes, 7 and 16, that it seems to break

away from all control in a sort of divine fury. Horace's nature was essentially human, but his humanity was gentle and true. He was as transparent as he was warm-hearted. He never forgot a kindness received. Pollio, Varius, Munatius Plancus and Licinius protected him and procured his pardon after Philippi. Virgil introduced him to Mæcenas. Who can doubt that in the odes addressed to his personal friends his tenderness is sincere? Who can question the depth of his sorrow for the dead Quinctilius? Who that reads "cur me querelis" but must believe his love for Mæcenas to have been genuine and disinterested? Who can doubt the good faith in which (in Ode ii. 10) he warns Licinius against his fatal ambition, and holds up before him the safe and pleasant ways of the Golden

Odes of Horace.

ODES OF HORACE.

EPODE XVI.

This impassioned lament was written after the fatal battle of Pharsalia and the destruction of the Roman Republic. Though little known, it remains a record of that patriotic ardour which belonged to Horace. He foretells the desolation of Rome, and recommends that the manly spirit, the pars indocili melior grege, should follow the example of the Phocæans and abandon Rome. The description of the Fortunate Islands, celebrated by Homer, Hesiod, and Pindar, is full of glowing imagery, and is written with a poetical finish never surpassed, if ever equalled, in Horace's later odes.

Altera Jam Teritur.

ANOTHER age ground down by civil strife!
Rome by her children impious and accurst,
Down trampled out of life!
Great Rome, our Rome, our mother,—she that erst

Rolled back the Marsian; scattered the array
Of old Etruria's monarch, Porsena;
Humbled the pride of Capua; braved the sword
Of Spartacus; the blue-eyed German horde;
The craft and fury of the Gaul;
And him abhorred by mothers, Hannibal.

Amid her streets,—her temples nigh,—
The mountain wolf shall unmolested lie;
O'er her cold ashes the Barbarian ride;
The war-horse spurn the tomb
Of Romulus, and from earth's sacred womb
Scatter the dust which storms and suns defied.
How meet this ruin? Swear as swore
The doomed Phocæan race of yore,
To leave their fields, their loved abodes,
The altars of their household Gods,
To tempt new seas, and stretch their sail
Full-blown before the driving gale:
Be yours, submissive still to Fate,
Like them self-sentenced, yet elate,
Fearless o'er Ocean's trackless waste to fly
To lands unshamed, and liberty.

Romans! Is this your will? Then from the shore
Launch forth your ships: the Gods approve: obey

Yon bird of Fate that points the way :—
But first make oath : swear to return no more !
Sooner shall rocks rise from their ocean grave
And float upheaved upon the wave ;
Sooner shall Padus lave
Matinus' summit crowned with pine ;
Sooner shall cloud-capped Apennine
Rush to the Tyrrhene sea : tigers unite
With hinds, the ringdove with the kite,—
Than we return. Such, Romans, be your oath !
Let cowards press their beds of sloth ;—
Forth, manly spirits, womanish tears disdain ;
Forsake th' Etruscan shores, and dare the boundless main !

Hence self-devoted go
Ye who love honour best :—
Visions of glory rush upon mine eyes :
Prophetic voices rise :—
See, see before us distant glow
Thro' the thin dawn-mists of the West
Rich sunlit plains and hill tops gemmed with snow,
The Islands of the Blest !

There the grey olive, year by year,
Yields its unfailing fruitage ; there the vine

Ripens, unpruned, its clusters into wine;
There figs, ungraffed, their russet harvest grow,
And fields unploughed their wealth on man bestow;
There from the caverned ilex sere
Wells the wild honey trickling slow;
There herds and flocks unbidden bring
At eve their milky offering;
There from the crag's embattled steep
The laughing waters leap.
No wolf around the sheepfold striding
With nightly howl the sleeping lamb affrights;
No venomed snakes obscurely gliding
Sway the tall herbage; no destroying blights,
Nor storm, nor flood, nor scorching suns, despoil,
Such is the will of Jove, the teeming soil.

Blest summer shores, untrod
By Jason or the Colchian sorceress,
By Tyrian rover, or the wearied crew
Of sage Ulysses in their dire distress!
Merciful gift of a relenting God,
Home of the homeless, preordained for you!
Last vestige of the age of gold,
Last refuge of the good and bold,
From stars malign, from plague and tempest free,
Far mid the Western waves a secret Sanctuary!

Epode VII.

This Epode was written B.C. 40, about the same time as the 16th Epode, "altera jám teritur." The Perusian civil war was breaking out; the Parthians under the renegade Labienus had overrun the Roman provinces in Asia, driving the legions before them: and the combined armies and fleets of Sextus Pompeius and Marcus Antonius threatened the very existence of Rome.

Quo, quo, scelesti.

Murderers! where rush ye? Why with bloodstained hand
Grasp ye the fratricidal steel once more,
The sword late sheathed? Enough of Roman gore
Darkens each sea, each land:
Not as of old when the proud citadel
Of vanquished Carthage fell;
Not as when gracing Rome's triumphal day
The fettered Briton trod the Sacred Way;
But now when Rome crowning the Parthian's prayer
Bleeds by her own right hand and dies in her despair!

The wild beast wars not with his kind :—
What drags you on, infatuate and blind?
Romans, reply! Is it relentless Fate?
Is it the fury of intestine hate?
Is it your guilt?—A pallor as of death
O'erspreads your lips. That half-suspended breath,
The silent witness of self-conscious sin,
Tells, though it speaks not, of the shame within.
'Tis this; your guilt! Romulus his brother slew—
Vengeance and Doom since then his race pursue:
Still unatoned the rankling taint survives,
And in the Nation's heart the maddening poison lives.

Book III., Ode XXV.

Quo Me Bacche.

Whither through wastes unscanned by mortal eye
Bear'st thou me, Bacchus; through what paths untrod?
Evoe! spare me! spare thy votary
Filled with the fierce, swift, spirit of the God.

From what deep cavern to the listening pines
Great Cæsar's anthemed triumph must I fling,
And point his star amid celestial signs?—
A portent strange, a mystery, I sing!

I wandered, lost: a vision on me fell:
A glory bursting from the broad-rimmed sun
Smote with strong light the phantom-haunted dell:
Then thro' the reddening fir-stems distant shone

Green fields, and sparkling banks, and rivers deep.
Mine eyes were opened! motionless I gazed;
As some Bacchantè starting from her sleep
On thunder-riven mountain stares amazed

At snow-clad plains of Thrace beneath her spread,
And Rhodope with all its barbarous horde,
And Hebrus foaming o'er his rocky bed.
Hear me, Lenæan Bacchus ! hear me, lord

Of Mænads, and the Naiad race whose floods
With mighty arms down rugged gorges bear
Uprooted oaks, the monarchs of the woods :
Lead on, resistless God ! I know not fear :

Peril is sweet near thee, when o'er thy brow
The bleeding grape and glistening ivy twine.
Soft notes, and dulcet lays beseem not now ;
I chant immortal Pæans, hymns divine.

Book III., Ode XXIX.

The invitation to Mæcenas has already become an English Classic by Dryden's fine translation. It is one of Horace's greatest and most varied Odes, containing, as it does, a beautiful description of natural scenery, and philosophic reflections on fortitude and content, unmixed with exhortations to Epicurean indulgence.

Tyrrhena regum.

Mæcenas, thou whose lineage springs
From old Etruria's kings
Come to my humble dwelling. Haste;
A cask unbroached of mellow wine
Awaits thee, roses interlaced,
And perfumes pressed from nard divine.
Leave Tibur sparkling with its hundred rills;
Forget the sunny slopes of Æsulæ,
And rugged peaks of Telagonian hills
That frown defiance on the Tuscan sea.
Forego vain pomps, nor gaze around
From the tall turret of thy palace home

On crowded marts, and summits temple-crowned,
The smoke, the tumult, and the wealth of Rome.
Come, loved Mæcenas, come!

How oft in lowly cot
Uncurtained, nor with Tyrian purple spread,
Has weary State pillowed its aching head
And smoothed its wrinkled brow, all cares forgot?
Come to my frugal feast, and share my humble lot.

For now returning Cepheus shoots again
His fires long-hid; now Procyon and the star
Of the untamed Lion blaze amain:
Now the light vapours in the heated air
Hang quivering: now the shepherd leads
His panting flock to willow-bordered meads
By river banks, or to those dells
Remote, profound, where rough Silvanus dwells,
Where by mute margins voiceless waters creep,
And the hushed Zephyrs sleep.

Too long by civil cares opprest,
Snatch one short interval of rest,
Nor fear lest from the frozen North
Don's arrowed thousands issue forth,
Or hordes from realms by Cyrus won,
Or Scythians from the rising sun.

Around the future Jove has cast
A veil like night : he gives us power
To see the present and the past,
But kindly hides the future hour,
And smiles when man with daring eye
Would pierce that dread futurity.

Wisely and justly guide thy present state
Life's daily duty : the dark future flows
Like some broad river, now in calm repose,
Gliding untroubled to the Tyrrhene shore,
Now by fierce floods precipitate,
And on its frantic bosom bearing
Homes, herds, and flocks,
Drowned men, and loosened rocks ;
Uprooted trees from groaning forests tearing :
Tossing from peak to peak the sullen waters' roar.

Blest is the man who dares to say,
"Lord of myself, I've lived to-day :
"To-morrow let the Thunderer roll
"Storm and thick darkness round the pole,
"Or purest sunshine : what is past
"Unchanged for evermore shall last.
"Nor man, nor Jove's resistless sway
"Can blot the record of one vanished day."

Fortune, capricious, faithless, blind,
With cruel joy her pastime plays
Exalts, enriches, and betrays,
One day to me, anon to others kind.
I praise her while she stays ;—
But when she shakes her wanton wing
And soars away, her gifts to earth I fling,
And wrapped in Virtue's mantle live and die
Content with dowerless poverty.

When the tall ship with bending mast
Reels to the fury of the blast,
The merchant trembles, and deplores
Not his own fate, but buried stores
From Cyprian or Phœnician shores ;—
He with sad vows and unavailing prayer
Rich ransom proffers to the angry Gods :
I stand erect : no groans of mine shall e'er
Affront the quiet of those blest abodes :
My light unburthened skiff shall sail
Safe to the shore before the gale,
While the twin sons of Leda point the way,
And smooth the billows with benignant ray.

Book IV., Ode VII.

SPRING ODE.

Diffugere nives.

The quickening year dissolves the snow,
And grasses spring, and blossoms blow :
Through greener plains the stream once more
Glides lessening by the silent shore :
Again th' awakening forests wear
Their pendent wealth of wreathèd hair ;
While nymphs and graces, disarrayed,
Dance fearless in the mottled shade.
The circling year, the fleeting day,
Are types of Nature's law, and say
That to frail earth the fates deny
The gift of immortality.
All, all is change. 'Neath Spring's warm sighs
Hoar-headed Winter wakes, and dies :
Summer succeeds to vernal showers :
Autumn comes next with fruits and flowers.
The winter lays his icy hand

Once more upon the sleeping land.
Through Heaven's blue depths swift sailing moons
Repair the loss of vanished suns :—
But when we reach the fated shore
Which kings and heroes trod before,
What are we? clay to dust returned,
A shade, forgotten and unmourned.
We live to-day : to-morrow's light
May not be ours : then live aright :
With generous heart thy riches share,
And disappoint the grasping heir.
When Minos throned in Stygian gloom,
Relentless judge, shall speak thy doom.
Torquatus, thee nor proud descent,
Nor wit, nor wisdom eloquent,
Nor piety itself, shall save
From the dark silence of the grave.
In vain the huntress queen implored
Hades' inexorable lord
To free her chaste Hippolytus :
The might of Theseus strove in vain
To sunder the Lethæan chain
Which bound his loved Pirithous.

Book III., Ode VI.

This noble Ode, supposed to have been written B.C. 25, is a fearless denunciation of the luxury and social corruption of Rome. It is the last of that series of moral and didactic odes with which the 3rd book commences.

The statement that the misfortunes and vices of the Empire originated in the disregard of the supreme authority of Heaven is very remarkable as coming from one who was not a Christian, but is a dogma which may be traced in almost all Horace's greatest odes.

Delicta Majorum.

The shadow of ancestral guilt shall fall,
Roman! on thee and thine,
Till thou rebuild'st the temple's crumbling wall
And rear'st again within the shrine
Those marble Gods smoke-stained, those effigies Divine.

Jove gives us power to rule while we confess
His rule supreme o'er all. 'Twas thus we rose:
As justly shall they fall who dare transgress
That law eterne. Innumerable woes

Wronged Gods have sent us. Twice Monœses' spear
Shattered our ill-starred legions' mad career,
And twice Barbarians laughed in scorn
When Parthian torques flashed forth rich gems from
Romans torn ;
Fleets manned by Egypt's dusky hosts
Shadowed our Latian coasts :
Once, rent by factious rage, Rome naked lay
Before the Dacians' shafts an unresisting prey.

Fertile of sin a race accurst
Defiled the sacred hearth and home :
From that foul source the tempest burst
That sapped the strength of Rome.
The arts depraved of guilty life
Corrupt the maid : the faithless wife
Betrays her own, her husband's fame :—
Falser than all he traffics in her shame !
Not from such parents spring
Soldiers like those who drave
Afric's fierce son o'er the blood-darkened wave,—
Who smote great Pyrrhus and the Syrian King.

Such were the men of old, a hardy brood,
Trained from their youth to wield the Sabine spade,

To fetch the fagot from the neighbouring wood
Obedient to a mother's voice severe,
What time the sun
Threw from far-distant hills a lengthened shade,
Lifting the yoke from the o'er-laboured steer,
Saying, as sank his orb, "rejoice, thy task is done."
An age degenerate and base
Piles, as it wastes, disgrace upon disgrace.
We, nursed in crime, in folly bred,
Transmit our fathers' taint, the subtle poison spread,
Beget a progeny still worse,
And heap on endless years an ever-deepening curse.

Book I., Ode XXII.

Integer Vitæ.

Unsullied honour, pure from sin,
Roams the wide world, serene, secure;
The just man needs nor javelin
Nor poisoned arrows of the Moor:

Fearless where Syrtes whirl and rave;
Where frown Caucasian summits hoar;
Or where the legend-haunted wave
Of old Hydaspes laps the shore.

Once in a lonely Sabine grove
Forgetting bounds I careless strayed;
I sang of Lalage, my love,
Of Lalage, my peerless maid.

A tawny wolf all dashed with gore
Fierce from a neighb'ring thicket sprung:
He gazed; he fled; no arms I bore,
No arms but love, and trust, and song.

Such monster Daunias never bred
In her deep forest solitude ;
Not such the realm of Juba fed,
Stern mother of the Lion brood.

Place me where never Summer's breath
Wakes into life the branches bare ;
A cheerless clime where clouds and death
Brood ever on the baleful air :

Place me where 'neath the fiery wheels
Of nearer suns a desert lies,
A homeless waste that pants and reels
Blighted and burnt by pitiless skies ;

I reck not where my lot may be :
On scorching plain, in desert isle,
I'll love and sing my Lalage,
Her low sweet voice, her sweeter smile.

Book II., Ode XIV.

Eheu Fugaces.

Alas, my Postumus, our years
Glide silently away. No tears,
No loving orisons repair
The wrinkled cheek, the whitening hair
That drop forgotten to the tomb:
Pluto's inexorable doom
Mocks at thy daily sacrifice:
Around his dreary kingdom lies
That fatal stream whose arms infold
The giant race accurst of old:
All, all alike must cross its wave,
The king, the noble, and the slave.
In vain we shun the battle roar,
And breakers dashed on Adria's shore:
Vainly we flee in terror blind
The plague that walketh on the wind:
The sluggish river of the dead,
Cocytus, must be visited,
The Danaid's detested brood,

Foul with their murdered husbands' blood,
And Sisyphus with ghastly smile
Pointing to his eternal toil.
All must be left; thy gentle wife,
Thy home, the joys of rural life:
And when thy fleeting days are gone
Th' ill-omened cypresses alone
Of all thy fondly cherished trees
Shall grace thy funeral obsequies,
Cling to thy loved remains, and wave
Their mournful shadows o'er thy grave.
A lavish, but a nobler heir
Thy hoarded Cæcuban shall share,
And on the tessellated floor
The purple nectar madly pour,
Nectar more worthy of the halls
Where Pontiffs hold high festivals

Book II., Ode XVI.

Otium Divos.

TO GROSPHUS.

When the pale moon is wrapt in cloud,
And mists the guiding stars enshroud ;
When on the dark Ægæan shore
The bursting surges flash and roar ;
The mariner with toil opprest
Sighs for his home, and prays for rest :
So pray the warrior sons of Thrace :
So pray the quivered Mede's barbaric race :
Grosphus, not gold nor gems can buy
That peace which in brave souls finds sanctuary ;
Nor Consul's pomp, nor treasured store,
Can one brief moment's rest impart,
Or chase the cares that hover o'er
The fretted roof, the wearied heart.

Happy is he whose modest means afford
Enough—no more : upon his board

Th' ancestral salt-vase shines with lustre clear,
Emblem of olden faith and hospitable cheer ;
Nor greed, nor doubt, nor envy's curses deep
Disturb his innocent sleep.
Why waste on doubtful issues life's short years ?
Why hope that foreign suns can dry our tears ?
The Exile from his country flies,
Not from himself, nor from his memories.

Care climbs the trireme's brazen sides ;
Care with the serried squadron rides ;
Outstrips the cloud-compelling wind
And leaves the panting stag behind :
But the brave spirit, self possest,
Tempers misfortune with a jest,
With joy th' allotted gift receives,
The gift denied to others frankly leaves.

A chequered life the Gods bestow :
Snatched by swift fate Achilles died :
Time-worn Tithonus, wasting slow,
Long wept a death denied :
A random hour may toss to me
Some gifts, my friend, refused to thee.

A hundred flocks thy pastures roam :
Large herds, deep-uddered, low around thy home
At the red close of day :
The steed with joyous neigh
Welcomes thy footstep : robes that shine
Twice dipt in Afric dyes are thine.
To me kind Fate with bounteous hand
Grants other boon ; a spot of land,
A faint flame of poetic fire,
A breath from the Æolian lyre,
An honest aim, a spirit proud
That loves the truth, and scorns the crowd.

Book II., Ode VI.

Light and bright as is the latter part of this Ode, there is in it also a great tenderness and an unobtrusive pathos. It brings us back to the terrible days when the great Republic perished, and the "altera jam teritur" was written. The intervening years of prosperity had not made Horace forget the earliest of his friends—the one who had fought beside him at Philippi.

TO POMPEIUS VARUS.

O sæpe mecum.

Sharer with me in warlike toil,
Comrade till Brutus died! Who gives thee now
Back to thy Latian Gods and native soil,
Once more a Roman? Oft have we
Beguiled the lingering day, each brow
Glistening with nard of Araby,
And quaffed the wine. Philippi's fatal field
Witnessed our fall, when heroes fought in vain
And soiled with bloody lips Emathia's plain.
All lost we fled. I fled without my shield!

Swift-footed Hermes from on high
Wrapt in a cloud his trembling votary
Thee refluent eddies whirled
Back to the struggles of a stormy world.

Pompeius, comrade first and best,
Render to Jove oblations free,
Thy war-worn limbs beneath my laurel rest,
Nor spare the mellow cask reserved for thee.

Slaves! the beaker fill once more
With potent draughts of Massic wine!
Forth from shells capacious pour
Indian essences divine!
Who shall twine the myrtle? Who
Wreathe fresh parsley moist with dew?
Whom shall favouring dice* instal
Monarch of our Festival?
Mad with joy, with rapturous brain,
Wild as Bacchanal, I strain
My long-lost friend restored again.

* Venus, the winning throw on the dice.

Book I., Ode XXIII.

TO CHLOE.

Vitas hinnuleo.

You fly me, Chloe, fly me as a fawn
That seeks her startled dam o'er pathless hills,
Trembling with vain alarm
When through the forest pipes the fitful wind.

If some green lizard gliding through the brake
Stirs the wild bramble ; if to Spring's first breath
Vibrate the ruffled leaves ;
With quivering limbs she stands and panting heart.

Fear me not, Chloe : mine no tiger's rage :
No Lybian lion I, that rends his prey.
Fly not ; nor longer hide
Thy ripened charms within a mother's breast.

Book I., Ode XXI.

HYMN TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

Dianam teneræ.

Sing, maidens, Cynthia, Queen of night,
Sing, youths, Apollo, Lord of morn,
Phœbus with golden locks unshorn:
Hymn too Latona, Jove's delight.

Sing, maids, that huntress Queen who shines
O'er the wreathed crown and gelid rills
Of Algidus, green Lycian hills,
And Erymanthus black with pines.

Praise, noble youths, in strains of fire,
Delos, and Tempe's mellowed airs,
And him, the quivered God, who bears
His brother Hermes' silver lyre.

He hears your vows: he grants your prayer:
On painted Britons, Parthian foes,
He casts the burthen of your woes,
War, famine, pestilence, despair.

Book I., Ode IX.

TO THIALIARCHUS.

Winter Ode.

Vides, ut alta.

A spectral form Soracte stands, snow-crowned ;
His shrouded pines beneath their burthen bending ;
Not now, his rifts descending,
Leap the wild streams, in icy fetters bound.

Heap high the logs ! Pour forth with lavish hand,
O Thaliarchus, draughts of long-stored wine,
Blood of the Sabine vine !
To-day be ours : the rest the Gods command.

When storms lie quelled at their rebuke, no more
Shall the old ash her shattered foliage shed,
The cypress bow her head,
The bursting billow whiten on the shore.

Scan not the future : count as gain each day
That Fortune gives thee ; and despise not, boy,
  Or love, or dance, or joy
Of martial games, ere yet thy locks be grey.

Thine be the twilight vow from faltering tongue ;
The joyous laugh that self-betraying guides
    To where the maiden hides ;
The ring from finger half-resisting wrung.

Book III., Ode IV.

Horace commences this, his longest Ode, by a solemn invocation of the Muses, and assertion of his claim to speak as their child, their daily companion, their ministering Priest.

He affirms that they have already instilled into Cæsar's ear counsels of clemency and social order.

He draws a glowing picture of Jupiter's victory over the rebel Titans by the help of Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, Juno, the Goddess of the household, Vulcan, the representative of industry, and Apollo, the source of light and God of Poetry, subduing brute force by the arts of peace. The grand line,

"Vis consili expers mole ruit sua,"

is the keynote of this magnificent Ode. The Poet in the seventh stanza reiterates the doctrine, which he enforces by ancient legends, that though Force may subdue, it alone can never regenerate or perpetuate.

Descende Cœlo.

Descend from Heaven, Calliope, and bring
The long-drawn breath of thy melodious flute,
Or the wild throbbings of Apollo's lute;
Or with uplifted voice th' heroic anthem sing.

Is this some phantom sound that mocks mine ear?—
'Tis she, the Muse! I hear, I hear
The voice Divine. Methinks I rove
Listening her song within some sacred grove
Where through the branches summer breezes play
And caverned streams in silence glide away.

Child of the Muse, on Voltur's steep
Beyond Apulia's bounds I strayed:
Wearied with sport I sank to sleep:—
Doves, dear to legendary lore,
From woodlands far fresh flowers and leaflets bore,
And hid th' unconscious infant 'neath their shade.

In myrtle wrapped, close-veiled in bay,
Secure from snakes and savage beasts I lay,
A fearless babe protected from on high
Sleeping the innocent sleep of infancy;
A miracle to all that dwell
On Acherontia's mountain citadel,
Or rich Ferentum's plain, or Bantia's forest dell.

Uplifted by the Muses I explore
The arduous summits of rude Sabine hills:
Yours, and forever yours, I gaze
On cool Præneste, and the rills

Of Tibur upturned to the noontide rays,
And liquid Baiæ on the Tyrrhene shore.
So dear to you, Immortal Nine, is he,
The bard who loves your fountains and your song,
Philippi's headlong flight bore him unharmed along:
You saved him from the falling tree
And that Sicilian sea
Where Palinurus' cliff blackens the stormy wave.
Fearless with you my feet would brave
Wild Bosphorus, Assyria's burning sand,
Inhospitable Britain, and the land
Of warlike Concans nursed on horses' blood,
Gelonia's quivered hordes, and Scythia's frozen flood.

Cæsar with warlike toils opprest
In your Pierian cavern finds his rest,
His weary legions citizens once more;
While you, rejoicing pour
Into his heart mild counsels from on high,
Counsels of mercy, peace, and thoughtful piety.

We know how Jove,
Who rules with just command
Cities and Nations, and the Gods above,
The solid Earth, the Seas, and, down beneath,

The ghostly throng that haunts the realms of death,
Launched the swift thunder from his outstretcht hand,
And down to darkness hurled the Titans' impious band.

Shuddered the Strong One at the sight
One moment, when with giant might
That Earth-born generation strove
To pile up Pelion on Olympus' height,
And scale the Heavens: but what bested
Rhætus, or Mimas, or Typhœus dread,
Porphyrion's towering form the Gods defying,
Enceladus who as a spear could wield
Uprooted pines? Amazed they fled
Pallas with her echoing shield,
Queen Juno, Vulcan burning for the fight,
And him who by Castalia lying
Bathes in the sacred fount his unbound hair;
That God whose shoulders ever bear
The Cynthian bow; Phœbus who honours still
Delos, his natal isle, and Lycia's bosky hill.

Power, reft of wisdom, falls by its own weight:
Wisdom, made one with strength, th' Immortals bless,
And evermore exalt: they hate
Tyrannous force untempered, pitiless.

Diana's virgin dart
Drank the black blood of foul Orion's heart ;
And hundred-handed Gyas met his doom
Crushed 'neath the darkness of a living tomb.
Earth, heaped upon those buried Portents, mourns
Her monstrous sons. The insatiate flame
Forever under Etna burns,
Yet ne'er consumes its quivering frame :
Forever feasts the vulture brood
Remorseless upon Tityos' blood ;
The lover base, Pirithous, complains
Forever 'neath the weight of his three hundred chains.

Book III., Ode XIII.

O fons Bandusiæ.

Fount of Bandusia, crystal spring,
To thee with wine and flowers I bring
A kid whose budding horns prepare
For wanton gambols, or for war :—
Prepare in vain! His victim blood
Shall stain thy pure and gelid flood.

When the red Dogstar flames on high
It harms thee not. Th' o'er-laboured steer
And panting herds that wander by,
Draw from thy loving breast draughts cool and clear.

Thou too, O sacred spring,
Shalt have thy place with founts long-loved, far-known :
Whilst I, thy poet, sing
The ilex hoar thy margin shadowing,
The runnels from thy moss-grown caves that flow
Whispering in murmurs light and low
A language all their own.

Book III., Ode XVI.

Inclusam Danaen.

A TOWER of brass held Danae immured ;—
Strong oaken doors, and watchdogs' midnight bay
'Gainst love too bold the royal maid secured ;
But Jove and Venus smiled
Mocking her Sire, for gold will work its way
Through guarded gates and sentinels beguiled.

Gold cleaves the fortress and the rock
With force more potent than the thunder's shock.
The Argive augur, sold
By his false wife, Eriphyle, for gold,
Died with his sons. The man of Macedon
Subdued with bribes proud kings in arms arrayed :
And Menas,* won
By Roman gold a Roman fleet betrayed.

* Menas, a freedman of Pompey the Great, commanded the fleet of Sextus Pompeius, and sold it to Octavius, B.C. 40.

Mæcenas! knighthood's boast! thou knowest how
Like* thee I shrank from lifting of my brow
Above my peers. To him whose modest thrift
Denies itself, Heaven sends its ampler gift.
Naked I fly the standard of the great,
And seek the ranks of those who nought desire,
More honoured thus despising vulgar state
Than if I should my bursting garners fill
With rich Apulia's grain heaped daily higher,
Sitting 'mid worthless wealth, a beggar still.

Enough for me my little wood, my spring*
Where Zephyr's cooling wing
Fans the crisp stream; my garden plot
Whose promised crop deceiveth not:—
The Afric despot knows no happier lot.

What though Calabrian bees for me
No honey filch from flower or tree—
What though no Gallic flocks increase
For me their wealth of snowy fleece—

* Mæcenas refused to leave the Equestrian order and accept Senatorial rank. Horace himself declined Cæsar's offer to make him his private Secretary.

† Bandusia.

What though the Formian* vine
Ripens not in my bin its mellowing wine—
Content I live; not rich; yet free
From harsh importunate penury:
If more I claimed thou wouldst not more refuse.
True riches mean not revenues:
Care clings to wealth: the thirst for more
Grows as our fortunes grow. I stretch my store
By narrowing my wants; far wealthier thus
Than if the treasures of Alatteus
And Phrygia's plains were mine. We are not poor
While nought we seek. Happiest to whom high Heaven
Enough—no more—with sparing hand has given.

* Formiæ, a town of Latium, celebrated for its wine, is spoken of by Pliny, and by Cicero, who had a villa there, as built by the Læotrigonians of Sicily.

Book I., Ode XIV.

The opinions of commentators differ as to the date and purpose of this Ode. There can be little doubt that it is a political allegory, and the more probable date is about B.C. 38, when a fierce naval war was waged between Octavius Cæsar and Sextus Pompeius, the fleet of the former having been twice defeated. It is a dissuasion against renewed war.

O Navis.

Ship of the State, beware!
Hold fast the port. Cling to the friendly shore;
Lest sudden storms, and whirling eddies bear
Thy shattered hull to faithless seas once more.

See how the rower faints upon his oar!
Hark to the groaning of the mast
Sore stricken by the Libyan blast!
Thy shrouds are burst; thy sails are torn;
And through thy gaping ribs forlorn
The floods remorseless pour.
Dare not to call for aid on powers divine;
Dishonoured once they hear no more:
Nor boast, majestic pine,

Daughter of Pontic forests, thy great name,
Old lineage, well-earned fame,
The honours of thy sculptured prow :–
Sport of the mocking winds, nor feared, nor trusted now !
Alas, my country, long my anxious care,
Source now of bitter pain, and fond regret !
Thy stars obscured, thy course beset
By rocks unseen, beware !
Trust not soft winds and treacherous seas
Or the false glitter of the Cyclades.

Book I., Ode XXIV.

TO VIRGIL: ON THE DEATH OF QUINCTILIUS.

Quis desiderio.

Blush not for tears in ceaseless sorrow shed
For one so loved. Melpomene, inspire
The dirge low-breathed, the sobbing lyre,
And pour from sacred lips the anthem of the dead.

Wrapped in the sleep of death
Quinctilius lies. Ah, when shall spotless Faith,
And Truth, and Modesty, and Justice, find
A heart so pure, so constant, and so kind?

He died bewailed by all, but most by thee,
My Virgil, who with loving piety
Forever dost the Gods implore
Quinctilius, lent not given, to restore.

Ah, fruitless prayer ! not even thy hallowed tongue
Sweet as the magic lute by Orpheus strung
That charmed the woods, could wake the dead once more,
And through cold phantom veins the living current pour.

Hermes, he whose fatal wand
Relentless leads the shadowy band,
Mocks at our vows. What then remains ?
The strength that Fate itself disdains ;
The soul to Fortune's worst resigned ;
Th' unconquered heart, and equal mind.

Book I., Ode XXXVII.

This Ode, written about B.C. 30, refers to the rejoicings at Rome for the victory of Actium, and concludes with a beautiful and pathetic account of the death of Cleopatra.

DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

Nunc est bibendum.

Drink, comrades, drink; give loose to mirth!
With joyous footstep beat the earth,
And spread before the War-God's shrine
The Salian feast, the sacrificial wine.

Bring forth from each ancestral hoard
Strong draughts of Cæculan long-stored,
Till now forbidden. Fill the bowl!
For she is fallen, that great Egyptian Queen
With all her crew contaminate and obscene,
Who mad with triumph, in her pride,
The manly might of Rome defied,
And vowed destruction to the Capitol.

As the swift falcon stooping from above
With beak unerring strikes the dove ;
Or as the hunter tracks the deer
Over Hæmonian plains of snow ;
Thus Cæsar came. Then on her royal State
With Mareotic fumes inebriate,
A shadow fell of fate and fear ;
And thro' the lurid glow
From all her burning galleys shed
She turned her last surviving bark, and fled.

She sought no refuge on a foreign shore.
She sought her doom : far nobler 'twas to die
Than like a panther caged in Roman bonds to lie.
The sword she feared not. In her realm once more,
Serene amongst deserted fanes,
Unmoved 'mid vacant halls she stood ;
Then to the aspic gave her darkening veins,
And sucked the death into her blood.

Deliberately she died : fiercely disdained
To bow her haughty head to Roman scorn,
Discrowned, and yet a Queen ; a captive chained ;
A woman desolate and forlorn.

Book I., Ode XXVII.

This Anacreontic presents a vivid picture of Roman manners. It bears the stamp of reality, and is written in a style of exaggerated burlesque not inconsistent with Bacchanalian excitement.

Natis in usum.

What! like a boisterous Thracian throng
Fight o'er the bowl whose ruby flush
Was meant for laughter, love, and song!
Cease your mad strife. Ye bring a blush
To Liber's brow. Mirth, wit, and wine,
And those encircling lights that shine
Upon our revels, ill accord
With Parthian spear or Median sword.
My comrades, hush those cries profane,
And press the festal couch again.

Slave, fill a goblet to the brink
With strong Falernian. Ere I drink
Tell me, Megilla's brother, say
What loving eyes have sped the dart

That pierced, but piercing blessed, thy heart?
Thou wilt not? Then I fling away
The cup unquaffed. Stay, on thy face
No tint of conscious shame I trace:
Whisper it, youth!—Ha! wretched boy,
Deserving of a worthier joy
What power divine, what wizard art,
From bonds so vile could loose thy heart?
Not the winged courser* that of yore
The monster-slaying hero bore,
Could snatch thee from this guilt, this shame,
Charybdis' cruel arms, Chimæra's poison flame.

* Bellerophon by the aid of Pegasus overcame the Chimæra.

Book IV., Ode II.

It is not known with certainty who was the Iulus Antonius whom Horace exhorts to celebrate in Pindaric song the expected triumph of Augustus over the Sygambri and other warlike tribes of Germany. There was a son of Marcus Antonius who bore that name.

The portion of this ode in which Horace describes the poetry of Pindar is one of the best specimens of his finest style.

TO IULUS ANTONIUS.

Pindarum quisquis.

The bard who Pindar's lyre would emulate
Like Icarus on waxen pinions tries
To scale the infinite skies ;
He shares the boaster's fate,
Thro' blazing ether drops, and in mid-ocean dies.

As some great river, issuing from the snows
Of peaks far distant, thundering downward flows,
And, swoln by mountain streams or cloud-born rain,
Pours its full volume broadening o'er the plain,—
Such Pindar's song.
To him, to him of right belong

Apollo's laurels, and to him alone ;
Whether in strains as yet unknown
And numbers loosed from law he flings
Abroad his daring Dithyrambs, or sings
Of Gods, and Kings who by just doom subdued
The Centaur race, and quenched Chimæra's flame in blood
Or grants to those whose wreathed foreheads rear
Victorious palms at Elis won,
Wrestler, or runner, athlete, charioteer,
A gift more precious than the sculptured stone,
One leaflet from his own bright bays,
A nation's worship and a Poet's praise.

At times in softer strain
Waking the lyre again
He bids the sweet and solemn chords to mourn
The bridegroom from his loved one torn ;
His fearless heart, his spotless truth,
The golden promise of his youth ;
From Orcus rends the expected prize,
And wafts the enfranchised spirit to the skies.

Large airs from Heaven with strength resistless fill
The wings of Dirce's swan. Sublime and free
He cleaves the clouds. I, like the bee

That on the slope of the Matinian hill
Sucks the wild thyme, laboriously
By Tibur's woods and Tibur's crystal rill
The garnered sweets of Poesy distil.
Antonius, thou with bolder hand
Shalt strike the harp, and Cæsar sing ascending
The Capitol, beneath his strong yoke bending
Bound to his wheels the fierce Sygambrian band,—
Cæsar the laurel-crowned, the good, the great,
Gift of benignant Gods, and pitying Fate;
Shalt sing the public games ordained
For Cæsar safe, and peace regained,
The forum mute, and civil concord won.
I, if with feebler lips such strains accord,
Will shout aloud "All Hail, thou glorious Sun!
Shine forth on Cæsar to his Rome restored!"
Hark! as he moves, the jubilant sound
"Io Triumphe" swells around
On clouds of incense borne to summits temple-crowned.

Be thine large gifts of votive kine to bring:
Mine be a humbler offering,
A weanling that in frolic play
Wantons his youthful hours away,
Tawny; upon his brow one spot snow-white,
His horns like crescent moon thrice risen upon the night.

Book I., Ode XXXI.

THE POET'S PRAYER.

Quid dedicatum.

When, kneeling at Apollo's shrine
The bard from silver goblet pours
Libations due of votive wine,
What seeks he, what implores?

Not harvests from Sardinia's shore;
Not grateful herds that crop the lea
In hot Calabria; not a store
Of gold, and ivory;

Not those fair lands where slow and deep
Thro' meadows rich, and pastures gay
Thy silent waters, Liris, creep
Eating the marge away.

Book II. Ode I.

The Historical and Dramatic works of Caius Asinius Pollio have been unfortunately lost: he was not only a Poet and Historian, but also a Statesman and a powerful Advocate, and was decreed a triumph for the Dalmatian war.

The fourth Eclogue was addressed to him by Virgil.

Ad Asinium Pollionem.

TO POLLIO.

Pollio! your page records the fate
Of Rome, her crimes, her wars, her feuds,
Their causes, and vicissitudes,
Since brave Metellus ruled the State,
The spirit of Fortune, the array
Of leaders banded to betray,
And Roman armour crimsoned o'er
With yet unexpiated gore:
A high but perilous task! you tread
O'er fires with treacherous ashes spread.

Forsake the tragic muse severe
Awhile: when your historic pen

Has traced in characters austere
The fates of nations and of men,
Your Attic buskin wear again ;
Bold pleader of the sufferer's cause !
Champion of Roman arms and laws !
Pollio, the Senate's counsellor !
Crowned hero of Dalmatia's war !

Hark ! as I read, I seem to hear
The clarion bray ! The trumpet's breath
With quivering thunder smites mine ear :
Methinks I see the war-horse quail
Before yon wall of flashing mail,
And warriors wan with sudden fear
Trembling at coming death ;
And chiefs carecring o'er the plain
With no ignoble battle-stain,
And all that's best on earth subdued
Save Cato's iron fortitude.

Juno, and Gods who loved the Afric shores,
Yielding reluctant, powerless then to save,
Have laid as victims at Jugurtha's grave
The offspring of his Roman conquerors.
What soil by Daunian carnage fed

Teems not with Latian tombs? what flood
Rolls not unhallowed waters, red
With fratricidal blood?
The Medes, the Parthians in their desert home
Exulting hear the crash of falling Rome!
Cease, cease, presumptuous shell!
The Cean's* lofty dirge beseems thee not.
Once more with me a lighter descant swell
To love and laughter in Dione's† grot.

* Simonides. † Venus.

Book I., Ode XXVIII.

Archytas, celebrated as an astronomer and philosopher, was shipwrecked on the Adriatic coast. His philosophical opinions were those of the Pythagorean school, referred to in stanza 3. The earlier portion of this Ode embodies his reflections upon death. The poem then suddenly assumes a dramatic character. He beseeches a passing mariner to pour a handful of sand upon his bones as a funeral rite, and threatens him with Divine vengeance if he should fail to exercise this duty of piety. Many of Horace's odes surpasses this poem in poetical imagery, but there is a weird mysticism, and a dramatic energy about it, which are unequalled except, perhaps, by the Dithyrambic to Bacchus, 3-25.

A dissertation on the frame of this Ode will be found among the notes.

TO ARCHYTAS.

Te maris et Terræ.

Archytas ! on the bleak Matinian shore
Beneath a scanty drift of shingle lie
Thy bones unburied. What avails it now
To thee, that thou could'st mete the sea, the land,

The wastes of broad illimitable sand?
That with all-grasping vision thou
Could'st count the stars, th' aerial depths explore?
What profit this to thee fated so soon to die?

Tithonus withered in despair
Though wafted to the upper air.
The sire of Pelops feasted with the Gods.
Now in the Stygian gloom
For evermore he bides his doom:
And in those dark abodes
Sits Heaven-born Minos, who could draw
From Jove the secret springs of justice and of law.

Euphorbus died. His mortal frame alone
He gave to death. His spirit free
Lived in that Sage* who challenged as his own
The trophied shield of the Dardanian youth:
Again he died, but won from thee
Again, Archytas, immortality,
By thee the teacher hailed of Nature and of Truth.

One night awaits us all, and all must tread
The road unknown, the pathway of the dead.
On some by Furies driven the War-God bends

* Pythagoras.

A glance that kills: o'er some the storm-blast sends
The cold embrace of the insatiate wave.
The young, the agèd, throng the grave.
Alike on hoary head and golden braid
The pitiless hand of Proserpine is laid.
Me, too, the Southern storm
Following Orion's downward course malign
Whelmed in the Illyrian brine.
Pause, sailor, pause; and o'er my naked form
And strengthless head,*
A pittance of poor sand in reverence shed:

So may the tempest lash the Hesperian shore,
So thro' Venusia's forest roar,
Yet spare thy bark, and that rich lading given
By fair Tarentum's† God, and Jove the lord of Heaven.

Sailor, beware!
Not unavenged shall fall the slighted prayer.
Thy babes shall rue thy sin! No sacred rite
Shall on the horror of thy night
Vouchsafe one healing beam of expiatory light.
Stay, stranger, stay!
Let fall with pious hand
A threefold gift of sacrificial sand,
Then take thy way.

* Homer's "Odyssey." † Neptune.

Book III., Ode II.

This poem, welcomed by the Stoic, would be equally dear to the Epicurean. It inculcates the contempt of death, but does not forget the enjoyments of life.

Augustam, amice.

ON THE MILITARY EDUCATION OF ROMAN YOUTHS.

Rome ! teach thine offspring to sustain
  Stern poverty ; to wield the spear,
To spur the war-horse o'er the plain,
  And smite the Parthian foe with fear :

To watch beneath the frosty skies ;
  To face the tempest, and endure ;
The bed and banquet to despise,
  In doubt and danger still secure.

The royal maid, the princely dame,
  Shall mark him from the rampart high,
Shall track his course thro' blood and flame,
  And thus in faltering accents sigh ;—

"My King, my gracious Lord, forbear
  To brave yon warrior's fatal wrath;
Untrained to warlike arms, beware,
  Nor cross the raging lion's path."

Blessèd who for his country dies—
  Blessèd and honoured ! Pitiless Death
Spares not the coward slave who flies,
  The trembling limbs, the panting breath.

Virtue self-centred, fearless, free,
  Shines with a lustre all her own,
Nor takes, nor yields, her dignity
  When fickle nations smile or frown :

Through realms unknown she wings her flight,
  Spurning the sordid clay beneath,
And lifts into celestial light
  The spirit that has conquered death.

Silence, and secrecy, not less
The God's reward : never may he
Who dares their mandates to transgress
Revealing Ceres' mystery

Abide beneath my roof, or steer
My fragile shallop o'er the main ;
Jove hurls his bolts, by law severe,
Alike on guiltless and profane.

Justice with silent footstep slow,
With steadfast eye, but halting gait,
The felon tracks, and on his brow
Stamps the remorseless doom of Fate.

Book II., Ode III.

The picture of scenery in the first stanza is beautifully drawn. There is not a superfluous word. Every epithet tells. Nothing is omitted which can bring the landscape home to the reader. In its minutest detail it is true to nature.

Æquam Memento.

Be mindful thou, when storms of adverse fate
Encompass thee, to meet still unsubdued
Their worst with manly fortitude:
When Fortune, fickle Deity,
Smiles once again, grateful yet unelate
Accept the gift, Dellius foredoomed to die;
Whether in gloom austere
Thou liv'st, or whether, when the year
Renews its feasts, on some sequestered sward
By cooling stream reclined,
Thou quaff'st Falernian draughts long-stored,
Where the huge pine, and poplar silver-lined
With branches interlaced have made
A hospitable shade,

And where by curving bank and hollow bay
The tremulous waters work their silent way.

Send thither wine and rich perfume,
And the loved rose's short-lived bloom,
While wealth is thine, and youthful years,
And pause as yet the fatal Sisters' shears.
One day thy stately halls, thy dear-bought woods,
Thy villa bathed by Tiber's yellow floods,
Shall see their loving master's face no more ;—
And lavish heirs shall waste his high-heaped store.

What boots it, friend, albeit you trace
From Inachus your rich and ancient race,
What boots it though beneath the stars you lie
Base-born, unfriended in your poverty ?
Death claims his victim. All must tread
One common path, the highway of the dead :
Fate shakes the urn, and o'er the Stygian river
Soul after soul to exile fleets forever.

Book III., Ode III.

This Ode, generally designated as Juno's speech, but more correctly entitled by Sir Theodore Martin the Apotheosis of Romulus, commences by a noble panegyric upon the virtues of truth and fearless constancy, and adduces examples drawn from Heroic legends. It relates the council of the Gods held to consider whether Romulus, the descendant of Æneas, should be received amongst them. Their decision is pronounced by Juno, Troy's implacable enemy. In her speech she enumerates the crimes that have made ruined Troy an example to all ages of Divine vengeance for the impiety, perfidy, and avarice of Laomedon, and the immorality of Paris. These she contrasts with the higher virtues of which Romulus was the exemplar, those "staying qualities" by which Rome won her great race; and she announces that the Founder of Rome shall be admitted into the "lucidas sedes," the glowing mansion of the Gods. She foretells the future greatness of the Roman Empire, so long as ruined Ilion shall remain a perpetual witness of Divine wrath against the sins of impiety, lust, and criminal weakness, which caused her destruction. We know from Suetonius and Lucan that a project for rebuilding Troy was entertained at Rome, and it has been asserted that Augustus himself was at one time not averse to it. Horace, with his usual manly independence, and with true political foresight, denounces the scheme in this grand Ode.

Justum et tenacem.

THE righteous man, of purpose fixed and strong
Scorns the depraved commands
Of angry Faction clamouring for wrong,
Nor fears the Despot's frown. Not Auster's roar
Whitening the restless wave on Adria's shore,
Not the red thunder hurled
From Jove's avenging hands
Can shake his solid will. Unmoved he stands
Erect amid the ruins of a world.

Thus rose Alcides to the flaming skies :
Thus Leda's son to those Divine abodes
Where couched among th' Immortals Cæsar lies
Drinking with purpled lip the nectar of the Gods.
Thus Bacchus clomb to Jove's Olympian throne
Drawn by wild tigers, ivy garlanded :
Thus, strong and true, Rome's mighty founder sped,
Wafted by steeds of Mars to Heaven, not Acheron.

He claimed a throne among the Gods. They sate
Silent : then Juno rose, " Troy met her fate,
Her God-built walls down-crumbled into dust
By a strange woman and a judge unjust ;*

* Laomedon.

Condemned by me and by Minerva's hate
Since first that King, false to his kingly word,
Abjured his oath, withheld the pledged reward.

"Where now the glittering grace that shone
From Paris on th' adulterous Queen?
Where now the lustrous sheen
Sparkling from those false eyes her faithless heart that won?
Where Priam's perjured house, Hector its stay?—
How oft his arm triumphant broke the Greek array!

"Dead is that ten years' war
Kindled by feuds of ours: its sound is heard no more.
No more my anger rages: I resign
To Mars this scion of a hated line,
Son of Troy's Priestess. Founder of great Rome
Enter, 'mong peaceful Gods to find a home
And quaff 'mid starbright skies the nectar juice Divine.

"So long as 'twixt his Rome and Ilion roll
The billows of a boundless main
Let Trojan exiles unmolested reign:
Let Rome's proud Capitol

Unshaken stand, while herds insulting roam
O'er Priam's grave, and while in Paris' tomb
Wolves hide their cubs. So long
Shall Roman valour, steadfast, strong,
Give laws to Media's conquered hosts,
And rule the Midland Ocean's coasts,
And those far lands where fertile cornfields smile
Fed by the waters of the swelling Nile.

"Great Nation! that canst spurn
The gold that in Earth's bosom hidden lies
(Wisely there hid) unlike the base who turn
To uses vile of sordid avarice
The temple's spoil, fearless your hosts send forth
To India's sunscorched wastes, or the cloud-mantled North.

"Strong sons of Rome, to you my law I speak.
Trust not your fortunes or your strength; nor seek,
Blinded by filial piety, once more
The sentenced walls of Ilion to restore.
If e'er again 'neath some ill-omened star
She rises, I, Jove's sister, I, his wife,
'Gainst her will lead the armies of my war
Closing in new-lit flames her new-lit life.

Should Phœbus thrice rebuild each wall, each gate,
Thrice shall my Argives raze them to the plain,
Each widow thrice, captive and desolate,
Bewail her orphaned babes, her husband slain."

Cease, sportive Lyre!—not thine
Mated with Gods their counsels to explore.
Fold, Muse of mine, those wings too frail to soar,
Nor mock with mortal lips the voice divine.

Book I., Ode III.

Sic te diva potens Cypri.

May she, th' all-potent Cyprian Queen,
And those twin stars, fair Helen's brothers, guide
Thy course, O ship, with ray serene.
May he, the Father-God who rules each wind,
The warring tempests chide,
And in his deep sea-cave all but Iapyx* bind.
Reach safely the Athenian shore!
Redeem thy pledge, swift galley, and restore
My friend, my Virgil, half my soul, once more.

Strong oak and triple brass were round his breast
Who in frail bark through surging waters first
With heart undaunted burst,
Nor feared conflicting storms that lashed the seas,
Or the sad portent of the Hyades,
Or Libyan blasts that curled or smoothed the crest

* Iapyx, the west wind.

Of Adrian waves ;—who with untroubled eye
Could mark the foul sea-monsters wallowing nigh,
And hear unmoved the sullen shocks
Of billows on th' ill-famed Ceraunian rocks !

A wise and kindly Deity
Spread Oceans vast between dissevered shores :
Man, reckless and profane,
O'erleaps their limits and explores
The wastes forbidden of the trackless main,
Daring to suffer, and to sin, for gain.

Fearless and insolent, by fraud malign,
Prometheus stole from Heaven the fire divine :
Then came gaunt Famine :—then the poison-breath
Of Pestilence new-born hung brooding low
Darkening the Earth with baleful wings ;—and Death
Remote erewhile and slow,
Through realms by sin left desolate
Moved on, a spectral form, with footsteps winged by Fate.

Through air on wings to man denied
The Cretan captive* led his hapless son :

* Dædalus, with his son Icarus, was imprisoned by Minos in the labyrinth of Crete, whence he escaped on artificial wings. He was probably the inventor of sails.

The might of Hercules the Gods defied
And burst the fiery bonds of Acheron :
All guilt, all peril, in our pride we brave ;
We storm the skies, and find the grave ;
We, we ourselves, audacious, blind,
Drag down Jove's vengeful thunders on mankind.

Book II., Ode IX.

Non semper imbres.

Not always, Valgius, from the bursting cloud
On ruffled plains descends the rain:
Not always fitful gales and darkness shroud
The Caspian main:
Not always on the bleak Armenian shore
Inert and rigid stands the winter snow:
Sunshine returns; the torpid waters flow;
The storm-tossed Oak-tree rests it branches hoar:
And the pale Ash bewails its shattered leaves no more.

Thou, friend, in endless anguish day by day
Mournest thy Mystes snatcht away;
Weeping, when Hesper rises on the night;
Weeping, when Phosphor flies the Sun's returning light.
Not thus on Ilion's fatal plain
Grey Nestor mourned Antilochus;
Not thus forever and in vain
His Phrygian sisters wept their youthful Troilus.

Cease, Valgius, cease thy wailing,
Those sad, soft sighs, that sorrow unavailing ;
And sing with me great Cæsar's trophies won
From conquered realms beneath the Orient sun,
Frozen Niphates, and the flood
Of broad Euphrates dyed with Median blood.
More slow to-day it whirls its humbled tide,
And now in narrowed bounds the Parthian horsemen ride.

Book I., Ode XXVI.

Musis Amicus.

Dear to the Muses, fear and care
I bid unruly minds to bear
To Cretan seas. I reck not, I,
Who rules the frozen North, or why
The Parthian trembles. Gentle maid,
Emathian Muse, for Lamia braid
Wild flowers that glow on sunny hills,
Or by thine own untainted rills;
Vain without thee my homage! Thou,
And thy fair sisters, wreathe his brow;
And teach the Lesbian lyre in lays
Unsung till now to sound his praise.

Book III., Ode XXIV.

This is one of Horace's finest Odes, but is more properly ethical than lyrical. Its austere severity of reproof is directed against the two national vices, which, as he saw, threatened the existence of the Roman State, the luxury and avarice of the Patricians, and the turbulence, the "indomita licentia," of the people. This great moral poem has little of the light touch, the courtly grace, or the mythological or historical allusions which characterize so many of Horace's finest odes; but it is almost unequalled in dignity, intensity, and concentrated vigour. Its march is consecutive, and uninterrupted by sudden and obscure transitions. The poet was in earnest when he wrote it; and like every man who is really in earnest he was without fear. He writes as the Moralist and Statesman, not as the dilettante Stoic or Epicurean.

Intactis Opulentior.

Though India's virgin mine,
And hoarded wealth of Araby be thine;
Though thy wave-circled palaces
Usurp the Tyrrhene and Apulian seas;
When on thy devoted head
The iron hand of Fate has laid
The symbols of eternal doom,

What power shall loose the fetters of the dead?
What hope dispel the terrors of the tomb?

Happier the nomad tribe whose wains
Drag their rude huts o'er Scythian plains;
Happier the Getan horde
To whom unmeasured fields afford
Abundant harvests, pastures free:
For one short year they toil;
Then claim once more their liberty,
And yield to other hands the unexhausted soil.

The tender-hearted stepdame there
Nurtures with all a mother's care
The orphan babe: no wealthy bride
Insults her lord, or yields her heart
To the sleek suitor's glozing art.
The maiden's dower is purity,
Her parents' worth, her womanly pride,
To hate the sin, to scorn the lie,
Chastely to live, or if dishonoured, die.

Breathes there a Patriot brave and strong
Would right his erring country's wrong,
Would heal her wounds, and quell her rage?
Let him with noble daring first

Curb Faction's tyranny accurst!
So may some future age
Grave on his bust with pious hand
"The Father of his native land:"
Virtue yet living we despise,
Adore it lost, and vanished from our eyes.

Cease, idle wail!
The sin unpunished, what can sighs avail?
How vain the laws by man ordained
If Virtue's law be unsustained!
A second sin is yours! The sand
Of Araby, Gætulia's sun-scorched land,
The desolate realms of Hyperborean ice,
Call with one voice to wrinkled Avarice:
He hears: he fears nor toil, nor sword, nor sea,
He shrinks from no disgrace but virtuous poverty.

Forth! 'mid a shouting nation bring
Your precious gems, your wealth untold;
Into the seas, or Temple, fling
Your vile unprofitable gold.
Romans! Repent, and from within
Eradicate your darling sin:
Repent! and from your bosom tear
The sordid shame that festers there.

Bid your degenerate boys to learn
In rougher schools a lesson stern :—
The high-born youth mature in vice
  Pursues his vain and reckless course,
Rolls the Greek hoop, or throws the dice,
  But shuns the chase, and dreads the horse :
His perjured sire, with jealous care,
Heaps riches for his worthless heir,
Despised, disgraced, supremely blest
Cheating his partner, friend, and guest.
Uncounted stores his bursting coffers fill,
But something unpossessed is ever wanting still.

Book III., Ode XXIII.

Cœlo supinas.

Humbly extend thine upturned palms to Heaven
'Neath the young Moon, my rustic Phidylè:
Be corn and incense to thy Lares given,
And flesh of swine oblation due from thee.

The Afric poison-blast thy vines shall spare;
The blight of Autumn shall assail in vain
The nurslings of the flock, thy tender care;
No mildew rust shall mar thy yellowing grain.

On Algidus a lordlier victim feeds
Beneath the shade of Oak or Ilex hoar,
Or sports secure on Alba's grassy meads,
Ere long to stain the Pontiff's axe with gore:

Such gifts beseem thee not, my Phidylè!
Tempt not the Gods with sumptuous sacrifice;
Twine thou the myrtle frail with rosemary
And crown thy little household Deities.

When sinless hands shall touch the sacred shrine,
And votive cake, their lowly tribute, bring,
No costly gift shall melt the wrath Divine
Better than this, the poor man's offering.

Book II., Ode X.

Horace seeks to dissuade Licinius Muræna, brother-in-law of Mæcenas, from those ambitious and violent courses which soon afterwards caused his death.

He was tried and executed for a conspiracy against the life of Augustus Cæsar.

Rectius vives, Licini.

Tempt not the deep ; nor, while you fly
The storm, Licinius, steer too nigh
The breakers on the rocky shore :
Hold fast, contented evermore,
The way of Peace, the Golden Mean :—
That bounded space which lies between
The sordid hut and palace hall.
Tall towers with mightiest ruin fall :
The giant Pine, wind-shattered, bends ;
On loftiest peaks the bolt descends.

The balanced mind with prophet eye
Sees tempest in the cloudless sky ;

Nor less when clouds that sky deform
Descries the rainbow through the storm.
Jove sends us frost, and winter rain,
But bids the summer bloom again :
Repine not for a short-lived sorrow,
A happier sun shall shine to-morrow :
Not always Phœbus bends his bow ;
Often his harp in accents low
Awakes the silent Muse. —Beware !
Beset with danger do and dare !
But reef betimes thy swelling sail,
Nor trust too far the flattering gale.

Book II., Ode XV.

Jam pauces aratro.

Soon will those princely palaces
Leave but few acres for the ripening grain :—
Lo ! where yon fish ponds spread like inland seas
Wide as the Lucrine lake ! The barren plane
Supplants the elm vine-mated. Myrtles bloom,
Violets and shrubs unnumbered shed perfume
Where olive groves of yore
Full harvests to their ancient master bore ;
And bays with branches interlaced
Shut out the sun. Not such rough Cato's rule !
Romulus not thus decreed in times long past !
From modest homes no spacious colonnade
Wooed then the fresh breath of the North, and cast
On terraced floors a cooling shade :
Then private wealth was small, the public coffers full.
Then did wise laws ordain
To roof the citizen's house with chance-cut sods
But rear with marbles of the richest vein
The cities, and the Temples of the Gods.

Book III., Ode I.

This Ode, as indicated by its solemn exordium, is the assertion of a religious and moral philosophy. It teaches that nations are subject to their temporal sovereigns; that those temporal powers are overruled by the Gods; and that the Gods themselves are subordinate to the mysterious Divinity--Necessitas, or Destiny. It touches with light irony upon the ambitions and rivalries of men. It paints the terrors that wait upon guilt, luxury, avarice, and ambition, contrasting them in lines of exquisite pathos with the sleep that visits the innocent, the industrious, and the contented. Thus, with a moral instinct worthy of a purer faith, it inculcates reverence, submission, frugality, industry, and resignation; and all these lessons come from one who, at the outset, assumes the authority of a moral teacher, addressing himself, not to the hardened sinner of the "vulgus profanum," but to the young and innocent worthy of initiation, "virginibus puerisque;" and speaking, not alone as a poet or philosopher, but as a prophet clothed in the sacerdotal vestment of High Priest of the Muses. Such, too, was the position, in after ages, of the "Bard," who was at once the poet, the historian, and the religious guide of the nation.

The Poet, in the last quatrain, descends from the height of inspiration, and, by contrasting the peace of his modest Sabine farm with the luxury which he denounces, drives home the moral lesson into the human heart.

Odi profanum.

AWAY, ye herd profane !
Silence ! let no unhallow'd tongue
Disturb the sacred rites of song,
Whilst I, the High Priest of the Nine,
For youths and maids alone entwine
A new and loftier strain.

Nations before their Monarchs bow :
Jove, who from Heaven the giants hurled,
Rules over kings, and moves the world
With the majestic terrors of his brow.

Follies perverse of mortal life !
Insane ambitions, futile strife !
One vainly brags a happier skill
His vines to range, his glebes to till :
Another boasts his nobler name,
His client throngs, his purer fame :
Poor fools, inexorable Fate
Deals equal law to small and great,
Shaking the urn from which allotted fly
Joy, pain, life, death, despair, and victory.

To him above whose impious head
Th' avenging sword impends
Sicilian feasts no joy impart ;
Nor bird, nor lute, nor minstrel art
His vigil charms. Upon his bed
No healing dew of innocent sleep descends.

Sleep hovers with extended wing
Above the roof where Labour dwells ;
Or where the river, murmuring,
Ripples beneath the beechen shade ;
Or where in Tempe's dells
No sound but Zephyr's breath throbs through the silvan glade.

The humble man who nought requires
Save what sufficed his frugal sires
Laughs at the portents vain
Of fierce Arcturus' sinking star,
Or rising Hædus ; sees afar
Unmoved the raging main ;
Content though farms their fruits deny,
Though shattered vineyards prostrate lie,
Though floods and frost the fields despoil,
Or hot suns rend the arid soil,
Contented still to live and toil.

The lord of wide domains
Unsated still his ample bound disdains,
And through the bosom of the deep
Drives the huge mole, down-flinging heap on heap.
The finny race behold the new-born land
Amazed, see towers arise, and fields expand,
And 'mid his hireling crew th' usurper stand.
Proudly he stands ; but at his side
Terror still dogs the steps of pride:
Behind the horseman sits black Care,
And o'er the brazen trireme bends Despair.

Not marble from the Phrygian mine,
Nor robes star-bright, Falernian wine,
Nor Achæmenian balm,
Can soothe the weary heart opprest,
Or still the tumult of the breast
With one brief moment's calm.
Then, wherefore change my Sabine home,
Where Envy dwells not, life is free,
For pillared gate, and lofty dome,
And the dull load of luxury?

Book I., Ode XVII.

INVITATION TO TYNDARIS.

Velox Amœnum.

Swift-footed Faunus oft delights to roam
From snow-clad peaks of Arcady,* and find
Here in my soft Lucretilis a home,
Where in sequestered brake
Safe from hot suns and pitiless wind
From ledge to ledge my nimble younglings climb,
Nipping fresh Arbutus and fragrant Thyme,
Fearless of prowling wolf or venomed snake,
While from Ustica's vale profound
The polished rocks the Wood-God's pipe resound.

The Gods protect me. They approve
My piety: my song they love.
Haste, Tyndaris, haste! partake my store
Of rural honours brimming o'er

* On Mount Lycæus, in Arcadia, stood a temple to Pan, one of the earliest sacred edifices on record.

From plenteous horn. This cool retreat
Shall guard thee from the Dogstar's heat.
Here that white hand the Teian lyre shall strike;
That sweet voice sing the old Greek melody
Of him, the wand'ring Prince beloved alike
By that true wife, Penelope,
And Circè glittering as a summer sea.

Tyndaris! 'neath the arching vine
Lift to thy lips the Lesbian wine
An innocent draught! Not here shall Mars
And Bacchus wage their customed wars;
Not here shall jealous Cyrus dare
To rend thy guiltless robe, or tear
The clinging garland from thy hair.

Book II., Ode XI.

Quid bellicosus Cantaber.

Let warlike Spain and Scythia rave!
What care we, Quinctius? Ocean's wave
Bars them from us. For golden store
Fret those who list. Our toils are o'er.
Few are our wants: our youth is fled:
Our summer loves, our graces, dead:
And wintry age, and slow decay
Have stolen our easy sleep away.
All things decline: in sun or shade
Fair flowers of Spring but bloom to fade:
The full-orbed Moon that crimson rose,
Waning, with pallid lustre glows.
Why then consume our little life
In vast designs, and endless strife?
Why not at ease beneath this Pine
Our whitening hair with roses twine,
And quaff the rich Falernian wine?

Bacchus drowns within the bowl
Troubles that corrode the soul.
Haste ye, slaves! Who first shall bring
Water from the bubbling spring
To cool our cups? Who from her home
First bid the roving Lydè come,
And tune her ivory lute, and fold
In Spartan knot her locks of gold?

Book I., Ode XII.

Tu ne quæsieris.

TO LEUCONOE.

Seek not to lift the veil forbidden,
Nor vainly scan the future hidden;
Nor strive with Babylonian lore
Our fate's dark secret to explore:
Far wiser is it to endure
Those ills of life we cannot cure.
What though this winter, that exhausts
The Tyrrhene surge on shattered coasts,
Should be the last for thee and me?
It matters not, Leuconoè!
Fill high the goblet! Envious Time
Steals, as we speak, our fleeting prime.
Away with hope! Away with sorrow!
Snatch thou To-day, nor trust To-morrow.

Book III., Ode V.

An appeal had been made to the Roman Senate for the ransom of the survivors of the army of the Consul Crassus, conquered by the Parthians under Phraates, and enslaved in various parts of the East. Horace, in this Ode, probably supporting the policy of Augustus, insists on the ignominy of the proposed treaty, and cites the noble speech of Regulus, who sacrificed his life by dissuading the Romans from ransoming their fellow-countrymen enslaved at Carthage.

This Ode, essentially dramatic in its spirit, is one of the finest efforts of Horace's lyric muse.

Cælo tonantem.

Jove rules the skies, his thunder wielding :
Augustus Cæsar, thou on earth shalt be
  Enthroned a present Deity ;
Britons and Parthian hordes to Rome their proud
    necks yielding.

Woe to the Senate that endures to see
(O fire extinct of old nobility !)

The soldier dead to honour and to pride
Ingloriously abide
Grey-headed mate of a Barbarian bride,
Freeman of Rome beneath a Median King:

Woe to the land that fears to fling
Its curse, not ransom, to the slave
Forgetful of the shield of Mars,
Of Vesta's unextinguished flame,
Of Roman garb, of Roman name;
The base unpitied slave who dares
From Rome his forfeit life to crave:
In vain;—Immortal Jove still reigns on high:
Still breathes in Roman hearts the Spirit of Liberty.

With warning voice of stern rebuke
Thus Regulus the Senate shook:
He saw, prophetic, in far days to come,
The heart corrupt, and future doom of Rome.
"These eyes," he cried, "these eyes have seen
"Unbloodied swords from warriors torn,
"And Roman standards nailed in scorn
"On Punic shrines obscene;
"Have seen the hands of freeborn men
"Wrenched back and bound; th' unguarded gate;
"And fields our war laid desolate
"By Romans tilled again.

" What ! will the gold-enfranchised slave
" Return more loyal and more brave?
" Ye heap but loss on crime !
" The wool that Cretan dyes distain
" Can ne'er its virgin hue regain ;
" And valour fallen and disgraced
" Revives not in a coward breast
" Its energy sublime.

" The stag released from hunter's toils
" From the dread sight of man recoils.
" Is he more brave than when of old
" He ranged his forest free? Behold
" In him your soldier ! He has knelt
" To faithless foes ; he too has felt
" The knotted cord ; and crouched beneath
" Fear, not of shame, but death.

" He sued for peace tho' vowed to war :
" Will such men, girt in arms once more,
" Dash headlong on the Punic shore ?
" No ! they will buy their craven lives
" With Punic scorn and Punic gyves.
" O mighty Carthage, rearing high
" Thy fame upon our infamy,

" A city, aye, an empire built
" On Roman ruins, Roman guilt !"

From the chaste kiss, and wild embrace
Of wife and babes he turned his face,
A man self-doomed to die ;
Then bent his manly brow, in scorn,
Resolved, relentless, sad, but stern,
To earth, all silently ;
Till counsel never heard before
Had nerved each wavering Senator ;
Till flushed each cheek with patriot shame,
And surging rose the loud acclaim ;—
Then, from his weeping friends, in haste,
To exile and to death he passed.

He knew the tortures that Barbaric hate
Had stored for him. Exulting in his fate
With kindly hand he waved away
The crowds that strove his course to stay.
He passed from all, as when in days of yore,
His judgment given, thro' client throngs he pressed
In glad Venafrian fields to seek his rest,
Or Greek Tarentum on the Southern shore.

Book I., Ode XXXVIII.

Persicos Odi.

HORACE TO HIS CUPBEARER.

I HATE, my boy, that Persian state—
  Those gorgeous crowns with linden bound :
Search not the haunts where lingering late
  The hidden rose may yet be found.

A simple myrtle-fillet twine
  For me, for both ; it suits us best,
As, shadowed by the matted vine
  I quaff the ruby wine, and rest.

Book I., Ode VII.

Munatius Plancus, to whom this Ode is addressed, was a noble Roman of consular rank, to whom Horace was probably indebted for his pardon after the battle of Philippi. He was subsequently defeated in Asia by Labienus and the Parthians, and forced to take refuge in the Greek Islands. Horace writes to cheer him, and advises him to retire from public life, and enjoy himself in his luxurious retreat at Tivoli, and cites for his instruction the example of Teucer of Salamis, who, on his return from the siege of Troy, was banished by his father Telamon, indignant that he should have returned without his brother Ajax, who perished at Troy.

Teucer is supposed to have founded a new colony at Cyprus, or, as some affirm, in Spain.

TEUCER.

Laudabunt Alii.

Some praise bright Mitylene; some
Corinth between her twin seas throned and crowned;
Some, Delphi's sacred shrine,
Some Rhodes far glittering thro' the Ocean foam,
Or Ephesus, or Thebes, or Tempe's dell profound.
Others forever tell

Of spotless Pallas' rock-built citadel,
And round their brows her olive chaplet twine;
Some sing of Juno's Argos, nurse of steeds—
Less dear to me Larissa's fertile meads,
Enduring Sparta, Atreus' treasure hall,*
Than yonder Sibyls' temple-home
Re-echoing Anio's headlong fall,
And Tibur's groves, and orchards dewed by rills
That dance their glad way down from Tibur's wooded hills.

Plancus! not always on his wings
The South wind rain and tempest brings;
Often sunclad he clears the clouded day:
Chase thou like him thy clouds away;
Drown all thy griefs in wine,
Whether 'mid fields where banners flash and sway,
Or 'neath the shade of thine own Tibur's vine.

Teucer, sad outcast from a father's love,
Exiled from home, a poplar fillet† wove
Around his wine-moist hair;
And spake,—"Away despair!

*The "treasury of Atreus" forms part of the ruins still extant at Mycenæ.

† Sacred to Hercules.

"Fortune, more kind than Telamon,*
"Shall guide our ships. On, warriors, on!
"Tis Teucer leads you. Toils of yore
"Far worse than these, dear friends, with me ye bore.
"A second Salamis
"Shall yet be ours, more bright, more just, than this:
"So Phœbus swears.—Hence, craven sorrow!
"The bowl to-day! The mighty seas to-morrow!"

* King of Salamis, father of Teucer and Ajax.

Book I., Ode V.

Quis multa gracilis.

TO PYRRHA.

What graceful boy, dripping with rich perfume
Wooes thee 'mong roses in some grotto's shade?
Pyrrha! for whom
Dost thou thy yellow tresses braid
In simple neatness artlessly arrayed?
Alas, how oft shall he who credulous dreams
That all is Truth that truthful seems,
Basks in thy sun, nor doubts that he alone
Shall ever call thy golden grace his own,
Heedless of treacherous gales, and love not tried,—
How oft bewail thy broken faith, and chide
The changeful Gods, and stare with wondering eye
On rough seas blackening 'neath a cloud-swept sky!
Most miserable they
Whom, falsely fair, thou glitterest to betray!
I, too, have hung on Neptune's hallowed shrine
My picture vowed, and garments dark with brine
To that all-powerful God whom winds and waves obey.

Book IV., Ode IX.

Horace, in this remarkable Ode, records the virtues of his friend Lollius, who, having been unsuccessful against the Sygambri, had been subjected to a bitter persecution in Rome. He defends his friend with noble generosity, and with such success as to have procured for him from Augustus the situation of tutor to Caius Cæsar, the grandson of Augustus. This appointment, made after the German campaign, is sufficient to prove that Cæsar at least did not believe the charges of peculation and cowardice falsely brought against Lollius. Horace tells of the many great men whose names have perished "carent quia vate, sacro," and predicts with truth that the fame of Lollius, as a citizen and soldier, shall descend to all ages in the imperishable strains of his friend and poet. There are many instances in which the fame of a great and successful man has been perpetuated by contemporary praises; but few in which the honour of a persecuted man has been vindicated to posterity by such means. The concluding lines, "per obstantes catervas explicuit sua victor arma," indicate that Lollius, when outnumbered and surrounded by the Sygambri, extricated his army by some desperate feat of valour.

Ne forte credas.

Think not, my Lollius, that these strains can die;
Strains linked by arts unknown before

With chords of lyric harmony
Which from far-sounding Aufidus I bore
Where foams the mountain flood down to the Adrian shore.

The poet dies not. Homer reigns alone ;
Divine Alcæus clangs his vengeful lyre :
Stesichorus still chaunts in graver tone ;
And Pindar's glowing hymns the soul inspire.
The generations pass away,
But spare Anacreon's sportive lay ;
And love still breathes where Sappho sings,
And still the soul of rapture clings
To the wild throbbings of th' Æolian strings.

Not Spartan Helen, false and fair,
By passion blinded, driven by Fate,
First loved a stranger's braided hair,
His golden robes, his princely state ;
And, lost to shame, to honour dead,
From home, from country, fled :

Not Hector, not Deiphobus,
Died first their wives, their babes, to guard ;
Idomeneus and Sthenelus
Not first defied the foemen's sword ;

Not Teucer first bent the Cydonian bow;
Nor once alone Troy's god-built walls lay low.

A race of heroes brave and strong
Before Atrides fought and died;
No Homer lived; no sacred song
Their great deeds sanctified;
Obscure, unwept, unknown they lie,
Opprest with clouds of endless night:
No poet lived to glorify
Their names with light.
Virtue from human eye concealed,
Unsung, unhonoured, unrevealed,
Like buried sloth forgotten dies.
Thy toils, my Lollius, shall defy
Oblivion pale, foul obloquy;
Thy fame shall live, and star-like rise
On songs immortal blazon penned
By me, thy Poet, and thy friend.

Thine is the strenuous will, the constant mind,
The soul serene in calm or storm resigned;—
CONSUL FOR LIFE! for, while one pulse survives,
In thee the Roman Consul's spirit lives,

Spirit of justice, which disdains
The fraudful wile, the miser's gains,
The proffered bribe ; which loves the light,
Scorns the expedient, grasps the right ;—
Spirit heroic, which when foes
Unnumbered round the legion close,
Measures the peril with untroubled eye,
And bursts through circling hosts to victory.

Who dwells on earth supremely blest ?
Not he of wealth and power possest ;
But he alone to whom is given
Wisdom to use the gifts of Heaven ;
Who fears to sin, but not to die,
Most rich when steeped in poverty,
Exulting when his native land,
Or friends beloved, his life demand.

Book II., Ode XVII.

Horace has been unjustly charged with servility. This beautiful and pathetic Ode refutes the charge. No man could have written it who was not in earnest. It breathes with passionate simplicity the spirit of devoted friendship; and reprehends with manly freedom that clinging to life which was the well-known weakness of Mæcenas. It is the language of an equal, not of a sycophant. Horace never forgot a friend; and was as faithful to the unpopular and persecuted Lollius as to Cæsar's Prime Minister. Mæcenas died A.U.C. 745; Horace, true to his "non perfidum sacramentum," survived him only three weeks.

Cur me querelis?

Kill me not with that boding sigh!
It pleaseth not th' Immortal Gods, nor me,
That thou, my glory and my stay, shouldst die,
And I, Mæcenas! live. If destiny
Untimely snatch my dearer half in thee,
Why should the widowed fragment of our soul
Survive, no longer loved, no longer whole?

No perjured soldier-oath I swore;
We go, we go together; one sad day
Shall bear our linked souls away
In death unsevered, comrades evermore.

No! not Chimera's fiery breath
Nor Gyas rising from his living death,
Could rend my life from thine, could violate
Th' eternal law of Justice and of Fate.

Whatever planet on my natal hour
Looked down to bless or ban, that star
Libra, or Scorpio, or the power
Of Capricornus, tyrant of the Sea,
Illumed thy birth not less, and still from far
Joins us in mystic bond. Jove's radiant sign[1]
Saved thee from Saturn's influence malign,
And stayed the rushing wings of Destiny:
Thrice in the theatre the jubilant crowd
Shouted to thee their gratulation loud:
Me, too, th' ill-omened tree
Had crushed, but Faunus swift to aid
Glad Hermes' votaries, with strong hand delayed
The ruin as it fell. For thee
Let victims bleed and votive temples rise;
A spotless lamb shall be my humble sacrifice.

[1] The glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil.
—*Troilus and Cressida.*

Book I., Ode XVI.

Nereus prophesies the fall of Troy.

PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

When from Laconia's shore
The traitor shepherd royal Helen bore
In Ida's fleet, old Nereus stilled the deep
Hushing the indignant winds to sleep,
And sang, "Beneath an evil star
You lead the Spartan to a fated home,
Perfidious guest! Insulted Greece shall come
With banded hosts and all the pomp of war
To burst those lawless nuptials, and destroy
Priam's old realm, the God-built walls of Troy.
Alas! what sweat, what blood, shall rain
From man, from horse! Your victims dye the plain!
Pallas in fury sees the storm afar,
Uplifts her Ægis dread, and mounts her fiery car.

You, bold in Cytherea's care,
Cruel and coward, comb your perfumed hair,

Attune soft lays to the unwarlike lute,
And in your bridal chamber shun
The roar of battle thundering on,
Crete's hurtling darts, and Ajax swift of foot :—
In vain ! Troy's trampled plain, Scamander's flood,
Shall stain, too late, th' adulterer's locks with blood.

See you not Nestor? Lo ! Laertes' son
Ulysses, ruin of your house.
See you not Teucer? Merion?
Horse-taming Sthenelus?
Ruthless Tydides, greater than his sire,
Hot in pursuit with eager eyes of fire?

You fly, false Paris, as the deer
Flies when the mountain wolf draws near,
Forsakes his pasture, snuffs the gale,
And panting, bounds along the vale.
I see you fly—not such the oath you swore
To Helen, on Eurotas' shore !

Ten respite years Achilles' jealous ire
Shall grant to Troy's proud matrons. O'er her walls
Then leaps th' avenging fire ;
Then haughty Ilion falls.

Book II., Ode XVIII.

In the following poem Horace exhibits those characteristics which endeared him to the Roman people. With simple and natural modesty he describes his humble Sabine farm ; but all his enjoyments have a view to the happiness of others. He speaks of his "Fides," his good faith, his "benigna ingeni vena," the kindly exercise of his poetic powers. He welcomes the rich who seek him, but asks nothing from them. But he is bold as well as genial. He treats with stern derision the growing avarice and luxury of the Patricians, and denounces with a vigour that sounds like inspiration, the acts of those who have lawlessly encroached upon the heritage of the poor. Horace, the honest courtier, spoke as Gracchus spoke in his early days.

This subject is more largely discussed in the notes.

Non ebur neque aureum.

Nor gold, nor ivory inlaid,
Nor cedars from Hymettus torn,
Nor Libyan marble colonnade,
My humble home adorn.

No Spartan purples deftly wrought
By client hands enrich my house :
An heir unknown I have not sought
The wealth of Attalus.

Simple and true I share with all
The treasures of a kindly mind ;
And in my cottage, poor and small,
The great a welcome find.

I vex not Gods, nor patron friend,
For larger gifts, or ampler store ;
My modest Sabine farm can lend
All that I want, and more.

Day treads on day ; year chases year ;
Succeeding moons are born to die ;
You, heedless of the tomb, uprear
Your marble halls on high :

The waters that at Baiæ's feet
Their angry surges rolled of yore,
Usurped by upstart walls, retreat,
And wash those sands no more.

Your hand has dared to violate
Old landmarks in its guilty rage,
And clutched, with greed insatiate,
The poor man's heritage.

From fireless hearths, unroofed abodes,
The exiled sire, and wife, depart,
Their tear-stained babes, and household Gods
Close folded to their heart :

What halls the tyrant lord await ?—
The mansion of the nameless dead :—
By equal law o'er mean and great
Earth's ample arms are spread.

Not power, nor craft, not proffered gold,
From Orcus could Prometheus free :
Tartarean glooms for ever hold
The proud Pelopidæ.*

Death grasps the strong, the rich, the wise,
The sons of kings, in bond secure :
Sought or unsought, Death hears the cries
Of th' overlaboured poor.

* The Pelopidæ, descendants of Tantalus, so called from Pelops, son of Tantalus, the ancestor of Atreus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, and Orestes.

Book I., Ode XXXV.

This Ode, probably composed about B.C. 26, invokes the Antian Fortune in favour of the expeditions against Arabia and Britain meditated by Augustus, and eloquently denounces the fratricidal contests of Roman factions.

TO FORTUNE.

O Diva gratum.

Fortune, fair Antium's Queen august,
Strong to uplift the lowly from the dust,
Or change the pomps that crown the conqueror's head
For the cold trappings of the dead.

Mistress of winds and waves, to thee
The anxious rustic bends his knee :
To thee the sailor makes his vow
Lashing Carpathian foam with keen Bithynian prow.
The Dacian hordes, the Scythians of the North,
Cities and nations,—Rome herself,—pour forth
Their prayers into thine ear :
Thee barbarous Queens, thee purple despots fear,
Lest thou with ruthless foot prostrate*
The standing pillar of the State ;

* Prostrāte, thus pronounced by Spenser.

Or lest the frenzied crowd
To arms, to arms ! should shout aloud,
And crush beneath their feet the empire of the proud.

Fate moves before thee darkly, silently,
In brazen hand the nails and wedges folding,
The cruel hook and liquid lead upholding.
But Hope abides, and white-robed Honour clings
Close to thy side, when with inconstant wings,
Changed robe, and angry aspect, thou dost fly
From homes of Power, and palaces of Kings.
The false, the coward, and the vain
Forsake the fallen ; like th' ungrateful guest
The cask that's on the lees disdain,
And shun the sorrow where they shared the feast.

Fortune ! Preserve our Cæsar : save
That swarm of Roman youth that flies
To quell our farthest enemies
On Britain's shores, and by the Red-sea wave.
Alas, our guilty bosoms bear the scars
Of kindred strife, not honourable wars.
O iron age ! what altars have ye spared?
What Gods not spurned, what crime not dared?
Sharpen, great Queen, our blunted steel once more ;—
Stain it with Arab, not with brothers' gore.

Book IV., Ode VI.

The following Ode was composed B.C. 17, the year when Horace received from Augustus the commission to write the Sæcular Hymn. It is evidently a "study" for the longer but not finer work.

It opens with the praise of Apollo, and recounts the death of Achilles by his hand, artfully connecting the fall of Troy with the founding of the Roman State, and the institution of those religious ceremonies amongst which the Sæcular celebration was to hold a distinguished place.

Dive quem proles Niobea.

Apollo! thou whose vengeful dart
Slew the fair sons of vaunting Niobe,
Quivered in Tityos' wanton heart,
And smote Achilles, sea-born Thetis' son,
When with uplifted spear, alone,
Greater in war than all save thee,
He shook the Dardan ramparts well-nigh won :—
Like the felled Pine, or Cypress wrenched by storm,
Dying, on Ilion's dust he stretcht his stately form.

He would have scorned to shroud his might
Hid in that lying Horse;—in darkness rise
And steal like skulking thief of night
On ill-starred revelries.
In light of day
His blood-stained hand had wrapt in flame
The captive host, the monarch grey,
All, all,—alas! the sin, the shame!
Babbling lips of children torn
From dying breasts, infants, and babes unborn.

Not such the will of Jove!
Apollo's prayer, and her's, the Queen of Love
Prevailed: the Father God
Relenting gave the nod,
And bade Æneas rear on high
New walls on Western hills with happier augury.

Phœbus! who on Thalia's lyre
Breathest the soul of Grecian fire,
Leave Lycian Xanthus who caresses
With his soft wave thy golden tresses,
Inspire, protect, our Latin song
Beardless Agyieus, ever young!
The Poet's name thou gav'st long since to me,
The art, the spirit of Poesy.

Noble virgin, noble youth,
Scions of old Roman race,
Loved of Dian who pursueth
Stags and panthers in the chase,
Keep the Lesbian measure true,
Mark my finger on the string,
Sing the hymn to Phœbus due,
Cynthia's crescent glory sing,
Hymn to Leto's* son be given,
Hymn to her whose gracious light
Gilds the harvest ; who in Heaven
Speeds the circling seasons' flight.
When the glad feast comes again
Maids, then wedded, ye shall say
"To Gods well pleased we sang that strain
In youth, and Horace taught the lay."

* Latona.

Book IV., Ode IV.

This celebrated Ode, supposed to have been composed at the instance of Augustus, to record the victory of Drusus over the Vindelici, traces back through a long series of ancestors the great qualities of young Drusus to Claudius Nero who overthrew the army of Hasdrubal, the brother of Hannibal, on the Metaurus. His defeat and death forced the Carthaginians to abandon Italy. Horace puts into the mouth of Hannibal an address to his army, which is as powerful as it is pathetic, and winds up by foretelling the future glory of the Claudian race, a prophecy unfortunately falsified by history.

Qualem ministrum.

Like the fierce bird with thunder-laden wing
That bore to Jove his gold-haired Ganymede,
And from the Monarch dread
Of Gods and men obtained supreme dominion
O'er all that fly;—lured by the breath of Spring,
A fledgeling first he spreads his fluttering pinion:
Soon, fired by youth, impelled by inborn might,
Through cloudless skies he wings his daring flight:
He soars, he swoops, and on the fold descends:
Or, hungry for the fight

With sanguine beak the writhing dragon rends ;—
Or, as the Lion, from his tawny dam
Late weaned, on some glad mead descries
The roe-deer, or the unsuspecting lamb
Contented grazing ;—on, with flashing eyes,
And fangs new-fleshed he bounds ;—the victim dies :

So Drusus swooping from the Rhoetian snows
Smote the Vindelici ; nor helm, nor sword,
Nor Amazonian battle axe could ward
From Roman vengeance Rome's barbaric foes ;
Victors in every field till now
Suppliant before a Roman youth they bow.
They know at last what hearts undaunted, fed
Beneath the roof of an auspicious home,—
What Nero's sons, by Cæsar bred
With all a father's love, can do for Rome.

The strong and good beget the brave and true :
Deep in the cavern of the infant's breast
The father's nature lurks, and lives anew :
The steer, the generous steed inherit
Parental beauty, strength, unconquered spirit :
The stock dove springs not from the Eagle's nest

But inborn virtue still requires
Culture to shape what nature's self inspires ;

Leave it unformed, unaided, guilt and shame
Shall stain the noblest heart, the most illustrious name.

How deep the debt your fathers owed
O Rome, to Nero's race, to Nero's blood!
Witness Metaurus' purple flood;
Witness that day when through the clouds of night
Refulgent burst, a living light,
The glorious sun that smiled to see
A grateful nation's jubilee,—
For Hasdrubal lies low, and Rome again is free!

Through the fair fields of Italy once more
The people grew: the voice of toil was heard:
And where the Punic conqueror
So long o'er smoking plains his war-horse spurred
Fierce as the flame that wraps the forest trees,
Or storms careering o'er Sicilian seas,
Once more the Nation's heart awakened stirred,
And in the desecrated fane
Adoring Rome beheld her banished Gods again

Then spake perfidious Hannibal,—
"Unwarlike deer, the wolf's predestined food,
We seek a foe 'twere triumph to elude,
That race heroic, which of yore

Their Gods, their babes, their aged fathers bore
From Ilion's burning wall
Through Tuscan billows to Ausonia's shore :
So the broad oak that spreads its dusky shade
On Algidus, shorn by the woodman's knife,
Wounded and lopped, bourgeons again to life,
And draws, refresht, new vigour from the blade.

" Great nation ! fierce as Hydra when she sprung
Severed yet scathless, full on Hercules !
Great Roman people, strong
As Colchian monsters, Theban prodigies !
Plunge them 'neath Ocean's lowest depths,—they rise
More bright, more glorious : fell them to the earth,—
They start to life : the vanquished victor dies ;
And Roman dames for aye blazon their husbands' worth.

" 'Tidings of victory
I send no more. I send a wailing cry :—
Our Punic name, our hope, our fortune, all,
Have died with Hasdrubal.' "

Valiant and wise, 'neath Jove's benignant care
What man can do the Claudian race shall dare :
They too with counsels sage shall staunch the wounds of war

Book IV., Ode V.

Cæsar, departing for his German campaign, had given a promise to the Senate that he would soon return to Rome. Horace, in this Ode, urges the fulfilment of the pledge, and records the restoration of social order.

Divis orte bonis.

Offspring of Gods benign,
Absent too long in hostile climes afar,
Redeem thy promise and fulfil our vows;
Return, victorious Cæsar, to thy home;
As a long-hidden star
Once more upon thy people shine,
Protector, glory, guide of Rome!
For when the lustre of thy laurelled brows
Like early spring upon the nation glows,
More glad, more peaceful is the day,
And milder suns diffuse a brighter, balmier ray.

As some fond mother mourns in vain
Her long-lost son, whom angry skies
And gales from Southern sands detain

Tossed in the waste of the Carpathian main ;
With votive prayer and daily sacrifice
She calls him to her arms again,
Watching with fixed face evermore
The long, curved line of the receding shore :
Like that fond mother Rome thine absence mourns ;
His longing country thus for Cæsar yearns.

Around us all is peace : the steer
Crops the lush pasture of the lea :
The mellowed harvest owns the fostering care
Of bounteous Ceres : o'er the tranquil sea
With fluttering sails, unharmed, rich fleets career :
Untainted Honour stands secure ;
The felon meets his doom : the home is pure ;
And in her infant's laughing eye,
Or silken tress, or forehead high,
The happy matron joys to trace
The image of her husband's face

While Cæsar lives who fears the Parthian horde?
Who fears the Scythian from the frozen North?
Who cares for fierce Iberia's threatened sword,
Or tribes from savage Dacia bursting forth?

The husbandman on sunny hills
In safety weds the clasping vine
To widowed elms, then home returning fills
To Cæsar's name the sparkling wine ;
To thee libations due he pours
In one commingled sacrifice
To thee and all his household deities ;
So Greece fair Leda's son, and Hercules adores.

Cæsar, return, and grace our festivals ;
Chief of the State, Rome lifts to thee this prayer
At morn, at eve, in gladness, or in care,
From humble homes, and Senatorial halls.

Book III., Ode XVIII.

Faune Nympharum.

Fleet Faunus ! thro' the forest dells pursuing
The Dryad Nymphs who startled fly thy wooing !
Tread gracious thro' my bounds and sunny farm,
And parting shield my little lambs from harm,

If, when the full year calls for sacrifice,
A kid upon thy smoking altar lies,
And brimming cups pour forth libations free
To Venus, thy companion, and to thee.

When mid-December brings thine annual feast
On grassy meads the wearied oxen rest ;
Gambols the sportive herd ; the village gay
To greet their silvan God make holiday.

The wolf through flocks no longer fearful strays :
The falling leaf to thee its homage pays :
Loosed from his toil the digger wild with mirth
Tramples with triple foot his foe, the earth.

Book II., Ode XIX.

Bacchum in remotis.

Bacchus I saw remotest rocks among
(Believe it, unborn ages), ivy-crowned,
Teaching to listening Nymphs mysterious song :
Goat-footed Fauns with pointed ears stood round.
Strange panic still my bosom fills !
Still through my veins a troubled rapture thrills !
Evoe ! Spare me, full of thee ; I fear
The terrors of thy voice, and vine-encircled spear.

Now have I might to sing
Rivers of milk and founts of wine,
Honey from caverned Oaks slow issuing,
The untamed Thyiads rage divine,
Thine Ariadne's starry crown,
And Pentheus' royal halls dashed down,
And mad Lycurgus slain, Edonia's impious king.*

* Pentheus, King of Bœotia, and Lycurgus, King of Thrace, forbade, according to ancient legends, the worship of Bacchus. Pentheus, detected in watching the Bacchanalian mysteries,

At thy command
Broad rivers, barbarous seas
Swerve from their course touched by thy Thyrsus wand.*
On peak remote wine-flusht I see thee stand
Wreathing with viper knot thy Thracian votaries.
Thou, when that Giant-birth
Scaling high heaven thy father's might defied,
In lion's guise with fangs blood-dyed
Didst hurl the Titan to his mother Earth.

Bacchus! To thee belong
The glories twain of Peace and War,
The fight, the jest, the dance, the song:
Hail! genial king! Hail! youthful conqueror!
The guardian hound of Pluto's dread abode
Saw thee afar, and knew the God:
He marked thy mystic horn†
That through the darkness flashed a golden morn;
He crouched to Earth thy coming steps to greet,
And licked with triple tongue thy parting feet.

was torn to pieces in the woods by his mother Agave and her two sisters. Lycurgus, seized with divine frenzy, killed his son, and cut off his own limbs under the delusion that they were vine-stems.

* Respicit Orontem et Hydaspen quos Bacchus *thyrso percussos* retro flexisse et sicco pede transiisse traditur.
Doering in Not.

† Χρυσόκερως.

Book IV., Ode XV.

In this Ode, composed B.C. 10, perhaps the last of Horace's Odes, he sings of peace and social reform established by Augustus throughout the Roman Empire after the conclusion of the civil wars.

TO AUGUSTUS.

Phœbus volentem.

Fain had I sung of victors crowned
And captured cities, Monarchs bound,
But Phœbus clanged his lyre, and frowned,
'Tempt not with fragile bark the Tyrrhene main.'
Cæsar, thy reign
Brings back abundance to the Latian plain;
Our Roman flags from Parthian portals torn
Restored to Jove, the Capitol adorn;
Old Janus shuts his gates, and peace is ours again

Thy mighty hand
Has stayed the licence of the land,
Has curbed the rage of civil strife,

Made pure the home, recalled to life
That moral law beneath whose sway
Rome's strength, and power, and majesty
Rule the wide world from th' Orient gates of day
To where the sunset sleeps upon the Western sea.

While Cæsar reigns nor mutual hate,
Nor foreign hosts with whetted sword
Nor Faction's tyranny abhorred
Rome's peace shall violate.
The wandering Getan horde,
Wild tribes that of Danubius drink,
Or range on Tanais' frozen brink,
Scythians that mock us, Parthians that betray,
Shall crouch at Cæsar's feet, and Julian laws obey.

Henceforth in temple and in hall,
At feast, or sacred festival,
Men, children, matrons, (honour given
First, as is due, to favouring Heaven),
Shall blend, when Liber warms our veins,
With Lydian fifes triumphant strains,
Singing as sang our sires of yore
Old Roman chiefs, and him who bore
Anchises from the Trojan shore.

Book II., Ode VI.

Septimi, Gades.

Septimius willing, fain, to go with me
To where th' unconquered Cantaber disdains
The Roman yoke ; or Gades' far off sea,
Or Syrtes vexed by Libyan hurricanes ;

My prayer is this : at Tibur let me find
My seat in age ! Beside her silver springs
And shadowing Pines seek rest from wave and wind,
Tired of life's warfare, tired of wanderings.

If this the Fates deny, be mine that bay
Where, winding slow from far Apulian peaks
Placid Galesus, dear to flocks, makes way
To where Phalanthus ruled his exiled Greeks.

Dearest to me that sea-lulled nook where flows
Honey more sweet than Attic bees distil,
Where on bent boughs the bursting olive grows
And shames the berry of Venafrum's hill,

Where Jove with earliest springs makes green the
fields,
Where Winter smiles, where friendly Aulon's vine
To Bacchus from her purple bosom yields
Nectar more rich than best Falernian wine.

It waits us both—that spot—those hills so dear—
We'll sit, Septimius, there and wait the end :
There shalt thou pay thy debt ; bestow one tear
On the warm ashes of thy Poet-friend.

Book IV., Ode XII.

Jam veris comites.

Now Thracian airs, companions of the Spring,
Temper the seas, and with Etesian wing
Fan the expanded sail. Released from snow
The Earth awakes : late-raging rivers flow
With noiseless course. Once more the voice is heard,
As sad she builds her nest, of that poor bird
Who grieves for Itys,—her, the dire disgrace
(Though foul the sin avenged) of Cecrop's race.
The shepherd stretched on tender herbage trills
Strains like his native mountains wild and free,
Charming the God who haunts those pine-dark hills,
And loves the peaceful flocks of Arcady.

Thirst comes with Summer : Virgil, haste,
Comrade of noble youths, and taste
Choice wines of Cales : my reward
One little shell of Syrian nard.
The mellowed cask long-stored within
The depths of the Sulpician bin

Shall then be thine, that nectar rare
Which brightens hope and drowns dull care.
Come taste my wine, but ere thou try it:
Remember, friend, that thou must buy it:
I cannot, like the rich man, give
Largess to all, and nought receive.

Hence, sordid cares! Hence, idle sorrow!
Death comes apace: to-day—to-morrow—
Then mingle mirth with melancholy,—
Wisdom at times is found in folly.*

* 'Recepto
Dulce mihi furere est amico.'
—BOOK ii., ODE 7.

Epode II.

The following Ode presents a valuable and most graceful picture of Roman life in the country. Many of the minute descriptions coincide exactly with what still exists, after an interval of nearly 2000 years. The simplicity of diction with which Horace paints the rapidly-succeeding scenes shows the artistic skill with which he could adapt himself to his subject. The delineation of the poor man's wife is perfect in its simple truth.

There is a delicate irony running through the poem, which is a high effort of art.

Beatus ille.

Happy the man inured to toil
Whose oxen plough the ancestral soil,
Frugal like men of old, and free
From sordid cares and usury!
He starts not when the trumpet brays,
Unmoved on raging seas can gaze:
He shuns the Forum false and loud;
He scorns the threshold of the proud:
Around the poplar stem he twines
The wedded tendrils of his vines
Pruning with curvèd blade the shoot

In foliage rich, but scant of fruit,
And grafting happier buds; or shears
His tender flock; or sits and hears
His lowing herd from valley far;
Or stores pressed honey in his jar.

When Autumn lifts his comely head
With apple wreath engarlanded
What joy to pluck the grafted pear!
What pride the purple grapes to bear,
Gift to the Garden-God, and thee
Silvanus, guard of boundary!
He stands beneath the Ilex shade
On matted grass with flowers inlaid
Where runnels glide high banks along
And woodland linnets mourn in song,
And fountains, trickling slow, invite
To peaceful dreams and slumbers light.
When Jove sends down the winter's rain
And snow and storm on hill and plain,
With many a hound through brake and fen
He drives the wild boar from his den
To circling toils; or spreads the net
High up for greedy thrushes set,
Or laughs to find within his snare
Far-wandering crane or timid hare.

What man would change these sober joys
For cares that fret or love that cloys?—
But if a true and loving wife
Should share with me the toils of life
Blithe as Apulia's sunburnt maid
Or Sabine matron, mountain-bred,
Her husband's stay, her babe's delight,
Making a happy home more bright,
Upon the sacred hearth-stone burning
Old logs to greet her lord returning;—
If wife like this should milk my ewes
Safe penned within the wattled close,
And draw fresh wine from cask of wood,
And crown the board with unbought food,—
How blest my life! I ask no more:
Not oysters from the Lucrine shore,
Not turbot—or the luscious char
By East-winds driven from waves afar.
The olive culled from richest bough,
Fresh herbs that wild in meadows grow,
Delight me more than Afric's hen
Or Asia's dainty Attagen:
The lamb whose blood the altar dyes,
To Terminus a sacrifice,
Or tender kidling newly born
From fangs of ravening wolf-cub torn.

While thus I feast, what joy to see
The sheep returning from the lea,
The weary steers that slowly come
Dragging the upturned ploughshare home,
While slaves, true wealth of house and farm
Right mirthful round my Lares swarm !
The Usurer Alphius, vexed with strife,
And law, thus vowed a country life,
Called in his cash, made fast his door,—
Next Kalends placed it out once more.

Book IV., Ode III.

Quem tu, Melpomene.

When on the Poet's birth
Melpomene looked down with placid eye
She gave him but one gift, the gift of Poesy.
The Poet scorns the glories of the earth,
The athlete's strength, the runner's speed;—
Never shall fiery steed
Bear him a victor in the Achaian car;
Never shall Rome for mighty deeds in war
Crown him with laurels in the Capitol,
And with one voice, one heart extol
Him who his country's foes defied
And smote the Despot in his pride.

But him, the Bard, rich Tibur's sparkling rills,
And waving tresses of thick-wooded hills,
With thousand voices clear and strong
Proclaim the monarch of Æolian song.
Me, me,—henceforth less galled by Envy's tongue—

The world's great mistress lifts amid her choir,
The honoured master of the Roman lyre.

Pierian maid, whose vocal art
Tempers the sweet clang of the golden shell,
Goddess, who might'st impart
To Ocean's voiceless tribes the swan's expiring knell,
If still I sing, and still such strains as mine
Can please, Melpomene, the gift is thine.

Notes.

NOTES.

Book III., Ode XXV.

This Dithyrambic Ode to Bacchus has been looked upon as obscure, and commentators differ in their interpretations. Its obscurity, if such it can be called, is in itself a high effort of art. The poem represents the wild enthusiasm of Bacchanalian passion, and has none of the stately march of the heroic and ethical odes, nothing of the gentle pathos of the odes to Virgil on the death of Quinctilius, to Mæcenas sick, and to Postumus. It rushes on with such headlong rapidity that the poet seems scarcely to give himself time to elaborate his ideas. But it pauses in its career to draw a picture which none but a great poet could conceive, and none but a great painter could transfer to canvas—that of the Bacchantè starting from her sleep upon the mountain top, and staring with amazement at the wonderful scene spread out before her, the snow plains of Thrace, the peaks of Rhodope, the savage tribes wandering over its slopes, and the torrent of Hebrus issuing from its ravines, and foaming to the sea.

Book III., Ode XXIX.

Horace's invitation to Mæcenas is known to all readers of English poetry by Dryden's fine translation. It inculcates resignation in adversity and moderation in prosperity, not in the Epicurean spirit to be found in many of Horace's lighter odes, but in the spirit of dignified philosophy. It says of Fortune, ...

> "Si celeres quatit
> Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et mea
> Virtute me involvo,"

and again,

> "Non tamen irritum
> Quodcumque retro est efficiet: neque
> Diffinget infectumque reddet
> Quod fugiens semel hora vexit."

The descriptions of scenery are exquisite and true to nature.

Book III., Ode IV.

The Ode to Calliope, the longest of Horace's Odes except two powerful but repulsive Epodes, is one of the ethical series in the third book. It would seem from its great length, solemn invocation, variety of allusions, sustained vigour, and highly finished touches of natural painting, to have been intended by the poet to be regarded as the most studied effort of his genius in its heroic vein; but the reader is struck at first sight by an apparent abruptness and want of connection between its different parts. Further

consideration, however, will convince him that this ode is written with a carefully-studied design, and that, as has been already remarked, "a thread of consecutive purpose runs through the whole." Its great object is to induce Cæsar, the civil wars having been ended, and Roman soldiers having become citizens once more, to inaugurate a policy of mercy, peace, and social reform. If this design be kept in view, all obscurity will disappear, and the art of the poet will become as manifest as his political sagacity.

In the mythology of the ancients science, literature, and the arts (at once flower and root of civilisation) were represented by Minerva, Phœbus, and the Muses who by inspiration communicated to mankind all emanations from the higher Deities. Horace, High Priest of the Muses, "Musarum sacerdos," assumes the function of moral guide; and amongst the Romans moral duty was associated, at least in theory, with wise statesmanship and martial prowess. He begins by a solemn invocation of Calliope; and in a beautiful episode describes the saving of his infant life by the Muses' aid. He hears their voice in the sacred grove. Wherever he goes they are with him, his protectors, his daily companions. He recounts their appearing to Cæsar in the Pierian cave, and the counsels of peace, mercy, and reform which they taught him.

> "Vos Cæsarem altum . . . .
> Pierio *recreatis* antro,
> Vos lene consilium et datis, et dato
> Gaudetis, almæ."

They rejoiced because those counsels had been favourably heard. The word "recreatis" here expresses something more than "refresh." It shadows forth a new birth to a new sphere of social duty—to a new mission, that of industry and peace.

The poet next describes, in language of unsurpassed vigour, the rebellion of the Titans. They were the *Sons of Earth*, and representations of brute force. They are overthrown by Minerva, Goddess of wisdom; Vulcan, the representative of industry; Juno, Goddess of the household; and Phœbus, source of light and God of poetry. Jupiter sits trembling with his thunderbolts, while the rebel sons of earth are overthrown by the powers that represent the arts of Peace. The moral is contained in the magnificent stanza which immediately follows:—

"Vis consili expers mole ruit sua;
Vim temperatam Di quoque provehunt
In majus; idem odere vires
Omne nefas animo moventes."

The ode concludes with examples from ancient legends, showing that brute force, "expers consili," lacks alike the elements of progress and stability, and recoils upon him who trusts to it alone.

Book III., Ode XIII.

Mr. Macleane has satisfactorily established the locality of the fountain of Bandusia by quoting a Bull of Pascal II., A.D. 1103, which contains the words, "in Bandusino fonte

apud Venusiam." Horace celebrated and consecrated the fountain in memory of his birthplace. Fountains were honoured by the title of "nobiles" when they were sung by poets or sanctified by sacrificial rites.

Book I., Ode XVII.

In the whole series of Horace's Odes there is hardly one that has the perfect finish of the invitation to Tyndaris. The concluding stanza is a curious illustration of the rude manners of the Romans at their convivial feasts. Tyndaris was evidently a well-educated Roman lady, not one of the Greek ἑλαιραι, and yet she has to fear the drunken rage of jealous Cyrus for her innocent robe and clinging garland. See also "Natis in usum," Book i., Ode xxvii.

Book I., Ode XXXI.

Liris was a small river forming the boundary between Campania and Latium.

Cales was a district in Campania producing the finest quality of Falernian wine, so strong that it was commonly diluted with pitch, aromatic herbs, and sea water. See Lib. ii., Carm. xi.

"Quis puer ocyus
Restinguet ardentes Falerni
Pocula prætereunte lympha."

Book II., Ode I.

Cneius Asinius Pollio was, with the exception of Augustus and Mæcenas, the most eminent of the Romans to whom Horace has addressed his odes. Disgusted with the civil wars, in which he served with distinction at Pharsalia, and with Julius Cæsar in his Rubicon campaign, and having fought in Spain, Africa, and Dalmatia, he devoted himself to literary life, and became the intimate friend of Virgil, who addressed to him that noble poem, his fourth Eclogue. He was eloquent, wise, and incorruptible in the Senate; fearless and persuasive in the forum. It is remarkable that in this Ode Horace enumerates his merits as a statesman and advocate before he speaks of his military fame.

The Poem is distinguished for its melancholy pathos, and exhibits Horace's abhorrence of the bloody feuds which desolated Rome. His description of the effect produced upon his mind by the perusal of Pollio's description of a battle in his history is wonderfully fine.

"Jam litui strepunt,
Jam fulgor armorum fugaces
Terret equos equitumque voltus.
Audire magnos jam videor duces
Non indecoro pulvere sordidos."

The sudden transition in the last quatrain enhances the effect of the noble stanzas that precede it, and is truly Horatian. This ode is supposed to have been written B.C. 29.

There is a stronger dramatic element in Horace than perhaps in any other Lyric poet, and he saw the dramatic propriety of making Hannibal extenuate his own defeat by extolling the invincible prowess of the Romans, and by pleading the supernatural aid under which they fought "quas et benigno numine Juppiter defendit." Horace, poet and courtier, was guided by a true instinct in the composition of the great Carthaginian's speech. He preserved the dramatic unity of the poem and gratified the Roman people by putting the eulogy of Roman valour into the mouth of the first soldier of the age, and the most successful enemy of Rome.

Four lines which occur in the fifth and sixth quatrains of the original are omitted in the translation. Franke and other able critics believe them to be an interpolation. Others think that they were indeed written by Horace, but that they refer to some ephemeral absurdity, the memory of which has not survived. However this may be, they are wholly inconsistent with the stately grandeur of the Ode, and are unintelligible to the modern reader.

Book I., Ode XXVIII.

The late Lord Lytton, in a note prefixed to his translation of Archytas, has discussed with great clearness and ability the various explanations of commentators upon this obscure Ode. Some conceive the poem to be dialogue, the speakers being, according to one hypothesis, a wandering "voyager" landing on the Matinian coast, and the ghost of Archytas;

or, according to another hypothesis, the ghost of Archytas and that of some shipwrecked and unburied man, not the voyager, or "nauta," as he is called by Horace. Neither of these interpretations appears consistent with the manner of Horace, or with internal evidence.

When Horace intends a poem to be a Dialogue he frames it so that his intention cannot be mistaken, as in "Donec gratus eram tibi."

When he brings in passages or expressions supposed to be spoken by a new interlocutor, he introduces them with words which clearly designate a change of person. In "laudabunt alii clarum Rhodon" (1, 37), the speech of Teucer is preceded by "sic affatus." In "Cœlo tonantem" (3, 5) the speech supposed to be spoken by Regulus is introduced by "dixit;" and in "Justum et tenacem" (3, 3) that of Juno by the words "elocuta consiliantibus Junone Divis." Where a sudden transition from one person to another occurs, as it so frequently does in the Satires and Epistles, the change is marked by an unmistakable alteration of matter and form always harmonising with the character of the speaker. Horace never leaves in doubt the frame of his poem or the individuality of each interlocutor.

It is remarkable that the supporters of the Dialogue theory have never been able to agree as to the persons of the speakers, or as to where the address of each begins or ends. Most of them are of opinion that the reply of Archytas commences with the line "me quoque devexi;" but the

word "quoque," and its position, strongly indicate a continuity with the preceding lines unbroken by any change of person. The reason of this uncertainty is because the poem contains no internal evidence of such a change; and the whole tenour of the earlier part of the Ode is inconsistent with the character of a sailor, living or dead.

Another theory has been advanced, that the poem is a Dialogue, not between Archytas and the living sailor, but between the latter and another who is supposed to be drowned and unburied. This, however, is so unsupported by probability or evidence that it is hardly needful to discuss it.

If, then, we should arrive at the conclusion that the poem is not a Dialogue, but is spoken by one individual, the question remains, who is that individual?

Four theories have been suggested. Some critics have thought that the whole Ode is spoken by Horace in his own character apostrophising the dead Archytas, and concluding with an exhortation to some passing sailor to throw a handful of dust over his bones. This idea might to a certain extent harmonise with the earlier part of the Ode, but how is it to be reconciled with the lines—

> "Me quoque devexi rapidus comes Orionis
> *Illyricis* Notus *obruit* undis?"

or with the whole tenour of the concluding part, and the vehement and impassioned imprecation at the end exhibiting a personal sense of wrong almost amounting to ferocity?

Ingenious favourers of this interpretation have suggested that in the lines "me quoque," Horace alluded to his adventure recorded Book iii., Ode iv.,

> "Non me exstinxit . . .
> . . . Sicula Palinurus unda."

They forget that Palinurus is at the opposite side of Italy from Matinus; that the Illyrian waves do not flow in the Sicilian sea, and that a live man (non exstinctus) would hardly have described himself as "obrutus undis."

Another theory, which is the one adopted by Lord Lytton after much consideration, assigns the *whole* address to the ghost of some shipwrecked and unburied man who moralises over the fate of Archytas, and the certainty of death, till, seeing a living sailor approach, he asks for burial, not for Archytas, but for himself.

An interpretation adopted by Lord Lytton, and, as he tells us, favoured by Macleane, stands upon very high authority and deserves serious consideration; but I do not feel convinced of its soundness. Horace places two characters palpably upon the scene, the dead Archytas, and the living sailor (nauta). Are we at liberty to get rid of the personality of Archytas and of the living sailor, and to substitute the supposed ghost of a sailor not mentioned in the Ode? How can we suppose that Horace, during more than half a long Ode, should continue to place moral reflections, recondite historical references, and allusions to the abstrusest doctrines of the Pythagorean school into the

mouth of an unknown sailor,—reflections wholly unsuited to such a character, though strictly accordant with that of Archytas, an eminent scholar, and a leader and teacher of the Pythagorean school? With what dramatic propriety can we imagine the shade of an unburied common seaman, smarting under the sense of injury so energetically expressed in the concluding stanzas, addressing a long consolatory harangue to Archytas (who, according to Lord Lytton's theory, was already comfortably buried), and reminding him that Tantalus, Tithonus, Minos, Euphorbus, and Pythagoras had died before him, and only referring to his own misfortune in two short lines, after twenty lines of historical and philosophical consolation addressed to Archytas? There may be some propriety, though somewhat forced, in supposing such reflections to proceed from the unburied philosopher, but none in placing them in the mouth of an unburied sailor.

Another supposition, supported by high authority, is indeed distinguished by vivid poetical imagination; but though worthy of careful consideration, it will hardly appear consistent with internal evidence or with the manner and simplicity of Horace. This interpretation supposes the poem to be a monologue spoken, not by Archytas, or Horace in his own character, or by the ghost of a drowned man, but by a living sailor accidentally landed on the coast. The earlier part of the Ode, down to "me quoque" is supposed to be addressed by this sailor in his own person to Archytas, pitying and consoling him; the concluding part

to be spoken by the same sailor, but *in the character of Archytas*, in language which is conceived to be such as Archytas would have used if addressing a bystander. I have already remarked upon the improbability of Horace's making a change of interlocutors without giving some notice directly or indirectly; but it is even more unlikely that he would fail to give such intimation if the whole speech was supposed to be delivered by one person in two different characters. I do not think that Horace was ever obscure to a Roman audience.

The interpretation seems forced and unnatural; but I feel bound to speak with diffidence when I decline to accept a theory so imaginative and ingenious. The stanza in which the speaker, leaving the language of supplication, bursts into denunciations and fierce threats of vengeance, is such as might be supposed to have been spoken by Archytas himself, but is hardly such as the person against whom that denunciation is directed would have put into his mouth. The theory practically supposes a Dialogue.

The last hypothesis which we have to consider is the one adopted in this translation, that the poem is a Monologue spoken from beginning to end by the Spirit of Archytas; and this theory, though not without difficulties, perhaps "minimis urgetur." It is more simple, more consistent in its several parts, and more in harmony with Horace's style, than any of the preceding. Lord Lytton, in one of the very few instances in which his fine critical judgment seems at fault, remarks as follows:—"That it is not Archytas

himself who speaks, whether in Dialogue or Monologue, is, I think, made perfectly apparent, by the second and third verses,

> 'Mensorem *cohibent*, Archyta,
> Pulveris *exigui* prope litus *parva* Matinum
> Munera,'

which I agree with Macleane in considering clearly to intimate that the body of Archytas has already received what he is supposed so earnestly to pray for."

The lines quoted seem to point to an entirely contrary conclusion, and rather to intimate that the bones of the shipwrecked philosopher lie neglected on the shore, half covered, and barely held together (cohibent) by the scanty wash of the Adrian sand (pulveris exigui . . . parva munera), or perhaps by the insufficient sand-throwings of previous visitors, though this latter interpretation is not so good.

The figure of speech by which the dead are supposed to speak from their graves is justified by innumerable precedents. It is to be found in monumental inscriptions, ancient and modern:—Siste viator:—tread lightly over my bones:—I was once such as you are now:—and a thousand such expressions. The numerous supporters of the "Dialogue theory" all concur in attributing to the Spirit of Archytas the utterances contained in the latter part of this Ode. It is not more forced or unnatural to attribute to him the reflective soliloquy contained in the first part.

This interpretation develops one simple sequence of thought running through the varying moods of the dead philosopher's mind. Archytas at first laments his untimely fate, and complains that he, a man who has explored the seas and lands, and scaled the heights of science, should lie half-covered by the sand without the honours or religious rites of sepulture. Half the poem is a sort of spoken Epitaph. Later on he endeavours to console himself by moralising in the genuine Horatian manner on the certainty of death. So he proceeds to the end of the fourth stanza, where a line occurs which seems to prove beyond a doubt that the words are spoken by Archytas himself, to himself.

> "Judice te, non sordidus auctor
> Naturæ verique."

These words refer to the opinion concerning Pythagoras and his doctrine entertained by the person to whom they were addressed.

Amongst the heroes whose death Archytas records is Euphorbus, son of Panthous, a Trojan warrior who had fought against Patroclus, included in the list, because, according to the Pythagorean legend, he had died twice, "iterum Orco demissus." He was thus an instance "a fortiori." His shield was preserved at Mycenæ in the temple of Juno, and a legend recorded that it had been recognised by Pythagoras as having been borne by himself in a former existence, thus confirming the Pythagorean doctrine of metempsychosis. Archytas was himself a well-

known leader of that school, and, as Lord Lytton observes, "the son of Panthous (Euphorbus) *means Pythagoras.*"

This reference to Archytas as an eminent supporter of one of the most abstruse doctrines of the Pythagorean philosophy, "judice te," and this allusion to the old Greek legend, cannot with propriety be attributed to a common sailor. To whom, then, can the words be assigned? The context, as we have seen, does not admit of the supposition that they were spoken by Horace in his own character: they can therefore only be attributed to Archytas himself, unless we could suppose Horace devoid of all sense of dramatic fitness.

At this moment Archytas sees a passing sailor, and, with a sudden and most dramatic revulsion of thought, turns from his calm reflections on death, and beseeches him, by the promise of favouring gales and prosperous trade, to throw a few handfuls of dust over his bones. Then, with another rapid change most true to nature, with passionate energy he threatens him with future evils to himself and his posterity if he should dare to refuse this office of charity.

All nations, however savage, have recognised the duty of contributing to the sepulture of the dead. Huge mounds have been erected by stones thrown by casual passengers upon the sites of murders and unprovided deaths. To this custom may perhaps be attributed the origin of sepulchral monuments, perhaps even of the Pyramids.

Sir Samuel Ferguson, in his exquisitely beautiful Irish legend, "Conary," relates on historical authority that

before the battle each soldier was obliged to lay a stone on a certain spot. When the fight was over the survivors picked up each a stone. The rest remained the record of the numbers slain, and the monument of the dead.

The primitive custom of building cairns by casual contributions still exists. It may be fairly presumed that some religious sanction originally accompanied the act, and that a prayer formed part of the sacred office.

Archytas, deprived of the rite of sepulture, was, according to the Pagan superstition, unable to pass the boundary that separated the dead from that land of eternal future, the existence of which was a dogma in the mythology of the Greeks, the philosophy of Plato, and the religion of Odin and Thor. Hence the vehemence with which Horace, the most dramatic of lyric poets, who touches every heart because he speaks from his own, makes Archytas denounce as a sin against religion and charity the refusal to pour a sand-libation, sacrificial and expiatory. This was a sacred obligation due from every passer-by.

This Ode has a peculiar merit which it shares with a few others, the grand Dithyrambic "Quo me Bacche," the 16th Epode, and others in a lesser degree. There is a wild enthusiasm in it—a supernatural afflatus—an appeal to the terror of the reader as well as sense of poetic beauty. Hence that obscurity to a modern reader which a translator should do his best to remove without departing from the spirit of the original. He must never forget that in order to do justice to his author he must strive, according to the

dictum of Dr. Johnson, to make the translation a poem in English ears as the original was in those of the Romans. He must, at any cost, do his best to make it clear, intelligible, transparent. No energy, however impassioned, no effort of the imagination, however vivid and gorgeous, can attain to the beautiful and sublime unless it possesses simplicity, perspicacity, and subjective truth.

It is in his finest Odes that Horace is most obscure to an English reader. The Hymn to Bacchus, "quo me Bacche," perhaps the grandest work he ever produced, a lyric seldom equalled and never excelled ; the 16th Epode ; and Archytas, may be cited as examples. If, in rendering such poems into English verse, the translator were to allow himself to be prevented by pedantry or timidity from developing to the best of his ability the full meaning and latent beauty of the poet, he would be guilty of a double wrong ;—a wrong to his readers, and to his original.

Book III., Ode II.

This, the second of the ethical series in the third book, contains stringent exhortations respecting the military education of the Roman youth. The picture of the wife and daughter looking out from the beleaguered walls, and beseeching the husband of the one and the father of the other to avoid the irresistible onset of the young Roman warrior, is finely drawn.

Some critics assert that the lines towards the end of the

Ode, "est et fideli tuta silentio," etc., refers only to the breaking of faith generally, and say that the mysteries of Ceres were only attended by women. This is hardly to be reconciled with the lines that follow, which specially refer to the secrets of Ceres, and anathematise the *man* who shall betray them,

> "Vetabo *qui* Cereris sacrum
> Vulgarit arcanæ."

The mysteries of Ceres were imported to Rome from Greece, and if we believe Horace, and we see no reason for doubting his accuracy in a matter in which, if wrong, he could be so easily detected, they were attended, in Rome at least, by men.

Book III., Ode III.

When Lord Byron stopped short after having translated the first two quatrains of the Apotheosis of Romulus he probably thought that the remainder of the Ode was unworthy of the exordium, and had little connection with it. Many persons have been of this opinion, even that able critic, Mr. Macleane. They have failed to comprehend the conception of the poem as a whole. Juno had been the great enemy of the Trojan race, of which the Founder of Rome was the representative. She puts aside that enmity, and admits Romulus to a seat amongst the Gods, and Rome to her friendship, but on one condition. that the Roman

race should remain faithful to those virtues in which the Trojan had been found wanting, those virtues in which a State finds a solid foundation, and which are celebrated in the exordium to this Ode. Horace, by the mouth of Juno, tells his fellow-countrymen that Rome is solemnly bound by a compact made in Heaven, the seal of which was that they should never seek to annul the sentence of perpetual desolation pronounced against Troy. The project of rebuilding Troy, or of erecting a new capital in the East, was undoubtedly entertained by Julius Cæsar, and revived during the reign of Augustus; and it is not impossible that we may see in it the first germ of the disastrous policy of separating the great Roman Empire into two parts, Eastern and Western. There may have been many who, from motives of greed or personal ambition, favoured the project, and it may be that Horace, who was too wise and too patriotic to approve of it, may have thought that he could oppose it more safely and effectually by throwing a mythological veil over its prohibition.

Book III., Ode XXIV.

This Ode, one of the finest ever written by Horace, is supposed to bear date B.C. 29. It would appear to belong properly to that series of ethical Odes with which the third book opens.

It is directed against the vices which ultimately caused

the destruction of Rome—viz., Faction, Luxury, and Avarice.

Book III., Ode I.

This Ode is supposed to have been composed about B.C. 25. It is the first of that noble series of six ethical poems which form the commencement of the third book. Horace writes as if he feels the importance of his task. He begins with a solemn exordium like that employed by the Priests in the celebration of Divine rites, and asserts his authority to speak as "Musarum sacerdos," as in the Ode to Calliope (Ode iv. of the same book) he says, "Vester, Camœnæ, vester in arduos Tollor Sabinos." He next proclaims the supreme authority of Sovran Jove, over kings and nations, thus inculcating the great principle that all the moral duties which he is about to enforce have their origin in obedience to the Divine will. The remainder of the poem is devoted to the denunciation of the luxury and avarice of the rich.

There is a sustained dignity in this and the succeeding moral and heroic Odes which contrasts admirably with the tenderness and pathos with which the poet describes the peaceful life of the contented poor.

Book I., Ode XII.

Astrology and divination were a prominent element in Roman institutions, ecclesiastical and political. The

Chaldæan philosophers, who soon degenerated from astronomers to astrologers, recorded the names and motions of the heavenly bodies in their numerical tables or Ephemerides, the "Babylonii numeri" of Horace. See valuable note of Grævius.

The Roman laws endeavoured in vain to put down a host of astrological mountebanks, principally from Egypt, who derived large profits from the superstition of Roman men and women, principally the latter.

Book IV., Ode IX.

Several commentators have understood the words in the 11th quatrain,

"per obstantes catervas
Explicuit sua victor arma,"

as referring to Lollius's hostility to domestic corruption.

Such an interpretation seems wholly inconsistent with the general spirit of the Ode, and irreconcilable with the expressions of the author.

Book XI., Ode XVIII.

Successive wars had placed in the hands of the Romans a large proportion of the land of Italy. Portions of this had been restored to their original possessors, but the larger

part remained in the possession of the State as trustee for the whole community. Divisions of the conquered territory were made from time to time by commissions appointed by the Government, who made allotments to small proprietors in absolute freehold, which were conveyed to them with imposing religious ceremonies, and had their limits defined by consecrated landmarks. Other portions were temporarily assigned, principally to influential Senators and holders of public office, at a rent of one-tenth of the gross produce, and were resumable by the State at will. The remainder constituted the State Domain, and contributed largely to the national expenditure. The rich Patricians gradually absorbed the rented lands, encroached upon the State reserves, expelled by force or fraud the proprietors of small freeholds, and ceased to pay the stipulated rents. These usurpations, by which the poorer occupiers were driven to penury and despair, and the national treasury was impoverished, constituted a principal source of those intestinal struggles which so long distracted Rome, and which Horace in this fine Ode so fiercely denounces—

> "Quod, quod usque proximos
> Revellis agri terminos et ultra
> Limites clientium
> Salis avarus?"

The agrarian law, as first introduced by Tiberius Gracchus, was a just and moderate attempt to redress and restrain the infringement of rights *founded on Law*, and confirmed by

the most solemn sanctions of Religion. It did not, as generally supposed, affect the legitimate possessors of property. It had for its object the equitable redistribution of lands which were legally the property of the State, and the restitution of those freehold tenements which had been clutched in defiance of Law; and it even proposed to give compensation to the illegal intruders.

This law was vehemently opposed by a powerful, reckless, and unscrupulous body. Violence begat violence; and the Gracchi were forced by the surging multitude behind into less temperate demands, and finally into sedition and bloodshed, in which they perished. Then arose that WAR BETWEEN RICH AND POOR which for a hundred years divided Rome into two hostile camps, gave birth successively to the blood-stained tyrannies of Marius, Cinna, Sylla, Pompey, and Julius Cæsar, and finally led to the extinction of the Empire through the creeping paralysis of an enervated people and a polluted despotism. (*See* Niebuhr, Wacksmuth, Plutarch, etc.)

In this Ode Horace, not content with denouncing the luxury of the rich, pleads the cause of the plundered poor, and seems to repeat the words of the Psalmist, "The Lord is high, and looketh upon the humble, and the lofty he knoweth afar off." In language full of power and pathos, because simple and unadorned, he draws the picture of a poor man expelled by his usurping neighbour from a home which belonged by law to the man deprived of it; the client betrayed by his false and powerful patron. He pleads for

justice as well as for charity, and though a court-favourite, exposes to public scorn the tyranny of the rich.

What a subject for a great artist! the palace—the ruined cottage—the Patrician "overleaping" the sacred landmarks established by Law—the father departing he knows not whither, his household deities clasped to his breast—his wife following him leading her little children soiled with tears! What a picture, speaking to heart and conscience! And with what honest scorn does Horace ask, "What hall awaits the oppressor of the poor?" and answer, "the common mansion of the nameless dead!"

Book IV., Ode VI.

The great religious ceremony at which the Carmen Sæculare was sung in honour of Apollo and Diana by a chosen chorus of youths and maids of noble birth was instituted by Augustus B.C. 17. The composition of the hymn, the highest honour that could be paid to a poet, was committed to Horace. This important charge, which had a national and political as well as a religious signification, was fitly intrusted to the poet who had transfused the spirit and rhythm of Greek Lyric poetry into the Latin tongue; who had written, ten years previously, that graceful hymn to the twin offspring of Latona, "Dianam teneræ dicite virgines;" and who had celebrated in his grand and high-toned Heroic Odes the victories and wise domestic government of Augustus, which this religious festival was intended to

commemorate. The earlier stanzas of this very remarkable Ode must be considered as introductory to the latter part, in which Horace invokes the inspiration of Phœbus for his *Latin* muse, "Dannia Camœna," and, as if conscious that his prayer has been heard, proceeds to recite his hymn to the virgin choir. It is not difficult to trace in this poem that unity of purpose, which, in spite of abrupt transitions, is observable in all Horace's greater odes.

Book IV., Ode IV.

If it be true, as has been asserted, that Augustus urged Horace to write this Ode in praise of his stepson Drusus, it certainly manifests none of that feebleness which commonly belongs to poems written to order. Drusus and Tiberius were sons of Livia by Claudius Nero, and consequently stepsons of Augustus, who adopted and educated them and declared them heirs to the throne. When the Vindelici were overthrown by Drusus (B.C. 15) he was only 23 years of age. Hence, in the two fine similes with which the poem commences, he is compared with the young eagle and the lion cub, "jam laete depulsum," and the Barbarian forces are described as "consiliis juvenis revictæ."

In lines full of beauty and philosophic thought Horace traces back the high qualities of Drusus to those of his ancestors, who, nearly two hundred years before, had, by the defeat and death of Hasdrubal at the Metaurus, delivered Italy from the Punic invasion under Hannibal. After

describing the restoration of religion and social order consequent upon that victory, the poet records the despairing speech of Hannibal to his soldiers when about to retreat from Italy for the defence of Carthage.

Book IV., Ode XV.

This is supposed to be the last Ode written by Horace. It is addressed to Augustus. In it the great Lyrist bids adieu to the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," and sings a greater triumph, the triumph of peace. He speaks of the victories of Cæsar only as the means towards an end, and that end is the restoration of public order and domestic virtue. He says nothing about himself. He is too proud, perhaps too wise, to remind the Emperor that for over thirty years he has never ceased to inculcate upon him and Mæcenas in his whole series of odes the great lesson that

> "Vis consili expers mole ruit sua :
> Vim temperatam Di quoque provehunt
> In majus."

Now, the gates of Janus are shut ;—now, the dishonoured standards of Rome have been torn from Parthian portals and restored to the Capitol ;—now, faction has been quelled, the home made pure, and the old moral law restored by the Julian edicts obeyed to the uttermost parts of the earth.

All this is described by the poet in a few rapid and vigorous lines written B.C. 10.

Horace retires form the labours of a long literary life as poor as when he began, "Satis beatus unicis Sabinis," honoured by the rich whose vices he has exposed, loved by the people whose factions and cruelties he has denounced, and respected by a Despot whom he has dared to advise.

Book IV., Ode III.

The exact date of the Ode to Melpomene is not known, but internal evidence indicates that the poem was written as an Epilogue to the Odes, and it is so placed by Mr. Newman, whose dates are of great value. Composed with unusual care, and with an almost unequalled perfection of finish, it seems to record the termination of a life of literary labour, and of a long struggle with that envy that dogs the steps of genius, "jam dente minus mordeor invido;" and again in Book ii., Ode xx., he speaks of himself as "invidia major." It would not have been consistent with the simplicity of Horace's character, nor with the habits of the time, that he should affect to be unconscious of his own merit. In Book iii., Ode xxx., he describes himself as "Princeps Œolium carmen ad Italos deduxisse modos," and in the present Ode he tells us that Rome, mistress of the world, has deigned to place him amongst her beloved bards and to name him "minstrel of the Roman lyre." But it would be a mistake to think that Horace's ambition could have been fully

satisfied by his fame as a poet. He wrote not merely as a bard, but as an ethical teacher, statesman, and patriot. He had enjoyed the favour of the emperor for over thirty years, during which time he never ceased to exhort him, not indeed to abstain from war, but to employ it as a means to secure permanent peace, social and legislative reform. The last of Horace's political odes, Phœbus volentem (Book iv., Ode xv.), proves that his greatest ambition was that those objects should be accomplished ; and those two Odes must be taken together as Horace's farewell thanksgiving for the realisation of his aspirations, personal and patriotic.

Printed by WALTER SCOTT, *Felling, Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

MONTHLY SHILLING VOLUMES.

CLOTH, CUT OR UNCUT EDGES.

GREAT WRITERS.

A New Series of Critical Biographies.

Edited by PROFESSOR E. S. ROBERTSON.

ALREADY ISSUED—

LIFE OF LONGFELLOW. By Professor ERIC S. ROBERTSON.

LIFE OF COLERIDGE. By HALL CAINE.

LIFE OF DICKENS. By FRANK T. MARZIALS.

LIFE OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. By JOSEPH KNIGHT.

LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. By Col. F. GRANT.

LIFE OF DARWIN. By G. T. BETTANY.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË. By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

LIFE OF THOMAS CARLYLE. By RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.

LIFE OF ADAM SMITH. By R. B. HALDANE, M.P.

LIFE OF KEATS. By W. M. ROSSETTI.

LIFE OF SHELLEY. By WILLIAM SHARP.

LIFE OF SMOLLETT. By DAVID HANNAY.

LIFE OF GOLDSMITH. By AUSTIN DOBSON.

LIFE OF SCOTT. By Professor YONGE.

LIFE OF BURNS. By Professor BLACKIE.

LIFE OF VICTOR HUGO. By FRANK T. MARZIALS.

Ready May 25th

LIFE OF EMERSON. By RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.

A complete Bibliography to each volume, compiled by J. P. ANDERSON of the British Museum.

Volumes in preparation by JAMES SIME, EDMUND GOSSE, etc.

LIBRARY EDITION OF "GREAT WRITERS."

An Issue of all the Volumes in this Series will be published, printed on large paper of extra quality, in handsome binding, Demy 8vo, price 2s. 6d. per volume.

London: WALTER SCOTT, 24 Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.

THE CAMELOT SERIES.

CLOTH, CUT OR UNCUT EDGES.

New Comprehensive Edition of Favourite Prose Works.

Edited by ERNEST RHYS.

In SHILLING Monthly Volumes, Crown 8vo.

VOLUMES ALREADY ISSUED.

ROMANCE OF KING ARTHUR.
THOREAU'S WALDEN.
CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.
LANDOR'S CONVERSATIONS.
PLUTARCH'S LIVES.
SIR T. BROWNE'S RELIGIO MEDICI, &c.
ESSAYS AND LETTERS OF P. B. SHELLEY.
PROSE WRITINGS OF SWIFT.
MY STUDY WINDOWS.
GREAT ENGLISH PAINTERS.
LORD BYRON'S LETTERS.
ESSAYS BY LEIGH HUNT.
LONGFELLOW'S PROSE.
GREAT MUSICAL COMPOSERS.
MARCUS AURELIUS.
SPECIMEN DAYS IN AMERICA.
WHITE'S NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE.
CAPTAIN SINGLETON.
ESSAYS BY MAZZINI.
PROSE WRITINGS OF HEINRICH HEINE.
JOSHUA REYNOLDS' DISCOURSES.
THE LOVER, and other Papers of Steele and Addison.
BURNS'S LETTERS.
VOLSUNGA SAGA.
SARTOR RESARTUS.
SELECT WRITINGS OF EMERSON.
SENECA'S MORALS.
DEMOCRATIC VISTAS.

The Series is issued in two styles of Binding—Red Cloth, Cut Edges; and Dark Blue Cloth, Uncut Edges. Either Style, 1s.

London: WALTER SCOTT, 24 Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.

THE CANTERBURY POETS

EDITED BY WILLIAM SHARP.

In SHILLING *Monthly Volumes. With Introductory Notices by* WILLIAM SHARP, MATHILDE BLIND, WALTER LEWIN, JOHN HOGBEN, A. J. SYMINGTON, JOSEPH SKIPSEY, EVA HOPE, JOHN RICHMOND, ERNEST RHYS, PERCY E. PINKERTON, MRS. GARDEN, DEAN CARRINGTON, DR. J. BRADSHAW, FREDERICK COOPER, HON. RODEN NOEL, J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS, ERIC MACKAY, G. WILLIS COOKE, ERIC S. ROBERTSON, WM. TIREBUCK, STUART J. REID, MRS. FREILIGRATH KROEKER, J. LOGIE ROBERTSON, M.A., SAMUEL WADDINGTON, etc.

Cloth, Red Edges	- 1s.	*Red Roan, Gilt Edges*, 2s. 6d.	
Cloth, Uncut Edges -	- 1s.	*Pad Morocco, Gilt Edges* - 5s.	

VOLUMES ALREADY ISSUED.

CHRISTIAN YEAR.
COLERIDGE.
LONGFELLOW.
CAMPBELL.
SHELLEY.
WORDSWORTH.
BLAKE.
WHITTIER.
POE.
CHATTERTON.
BURNS. Songs.
BURNS. Poems.
MARLOWE.
KEATS.
HERBERT.
VICTOR HUGO.
COWPER.
SHAKESPEARE: Songs, Poems, and Sonnets.
EMERSON.
SONNETS OF THIS CENTURY.
WHITMAN.
SCOTT. Marmion, &c.
SCOTT. Lady of the Lake, &c.
PRAED.
HOGG.
GOLDSMITH.
Mackay's Love Letters.
SPENSER.
Children of the Poets.
BEN JONSON.
BYRON (2 Vols.)
DAYS OF THE YEAR.
SONNETS OF EUROPE.
ALLAN RAMSAY.
SYDNEY DOBELL.
POPE.
HEINE.
Beaumont and Fletcher.
BOWLES, LAMB, AND H. COLERIDGE.
Early English Poetry.
SEA MUSIC.
HERRICK.
Ballades and Rondeaus
IRISH MINSTRELSY.
Milton's Paradise Lost.
Jacobite Songs & Ballads
Australian Ballads.
MOORE'S POEMS.
BORDER BALLADS.
SONG-TIDE.
ODES OF HORACE.

London: WALTER SCOTT, 24 Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.

VOLS. I. TO VII. NOW READY.

RE-ISSUE IN MONTHLY VOLUMES, ONE SHILLING EACH,

STRONGLY BOUND IN CLOTH,

Uniform in size and style with the Camelot Series,

WILSON'S

TALES OF THE BORDERS

AND OF SCOTLAND:

HISTORICAL, TRADITIONARY, AND IMAGINATIVE.

REVISED BY ALEXANDER LEIGHTON.

No collection of tales published in a serial form ever enjoyed so great a popularity as "THE TALES OF THE BORDERS;" and the secret of their success lies in the fact that they are stories in the truest sense of the word, illustrating in a graphic and natural style the manners and customs, trials and sorrows, sins and backslidings, of the men and women of whom they treat. The heroes and heroines of these admirable stories belong to every rank of life, from the king and noble to the humble peasant.

The *Scotsman* says:—"Those who have read the tales in the unwieldy tomes in which they are to be found in the libraries will welcome the publication of this neat, handy, and well-printed edition."

The *Dundee Advertiser* says:—"Considering how attractive are these tales, whether regarded as illustrating Scottish life, or as entertaining items of romance, there can be no doubt of their continued popularity. We last read them in volumes the size of a family Bible, and we are glad to have an opportunity to renew our acquaintance with them in a form so much more handy and elegant."

EACH VOLUME COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

London: WALTER SCOTT, 24 Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.